



He that Views Murfords face, sees but a Ray
Of light reflected, or a glimpse of day
But he that reads his Arras woven lines
Contemplates Phæbus as he brightly shines

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Fragmenta Poëtica :

OR,

MISCELANIES
OF
POETICAL
MUSINGS,

Moral and Divine :

BY

NICH. MURFORD.

Utque artes pariat solertia, nutriet usus.
Claud.

Ad Cælum volito, ut in Deo quiescam.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the
signe of the Prince's Arms in
S. Pauls Church-yard.

1650.

THE

MISCELLANIES

OF

ROBERT

MURPHY

BY

BY

JOHN W. FORD.

AND

BY

LONDON

Printed by J. W. FORD, at the
Office of the "LONDON GAZETTE,"
No. 1, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



To the READER.

Courteous Reader,

WHether English resident in the Netherlands ; Netherlander enjoying the benefit of the English Tongue; or Domestick English ; (for it may light into the hands of all sorts of you) I intreat first your judicious reading, and then your favourable censuring of this small Poem: And lay not pride, or sanctiness unto its charge, because it walks into the World before some of its elder brethren; for as the noble S. Theodore de Mayern said in his Epistle before the *Insectorum sive minimorum animalium theatrum*, of learned Moufet, who was neer of my name, of the same Countrey, (France) and perhaps of my kindred; (for blond, as rivers, run into many places (high and low) and yet came from one and the same fountain; and ebbs of fortunes sometimes cause false Orthography in one and the same name) speaking of the said Books, laying dormant in his study, attributes it *Typographorum inhiantium culpæ*; And in the same Epistle to the said Posthume Work, he exclames, *O tempora, in quibus*

TO the READER.

eruditorum hominum sudores, ex pretio operis solvendo, & ære, in charta, & atramento comparandis locando, vel ex vulgi (pessimis ut plurimum applaudentis) depravato sensu, non ex rei essentia, vel subjecti dignitate, aut solida ejusdem explanatione æstimantur! *And indeed, if any solidity appears in a Book, the Vulgar say, it smells too much of Anchorism; but I say of those Books that are all compacted of Whimsies, they are like Bristol stones, not valued by a judicious Jeweller, and as one Wittily observed on a foolish Book, to which was written Finis,*

—— Nay, there thou liest my friend :

In writing foolish Books there is no end.

But (I am made to believe) that as this small Pamphlet is not wholly void of some holy Sonnets; so it is not wholly without some (not unprofitable) Satyrs, &c. Wherefore I hope the Stationers shall have no cause to sigh out, It will not sell! To conclude, Reader, I Wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in the writing of it.

Pray, and

Fare-well.

Precatio Authoris

DIc mihi quid scribam! da tu mihi vota vovenda!
Sic bene semper agam, sic bona vota mea,
Gratia sit servo ad servatum iussa beata!
Ille beatus enim, qui tua iussa facit.

L'Auteur au Lecteur de son ouvre.

*Petit Livre, faicte moy e' la service
Monstrer l'Anglois la vertu par la vice;
Mon Dieu, & mo^r maistre son nom eslever,
Faicte devoir donner tout l'honneur.*

Idem ad eundem.

My little Book, pray doe me the small service
To shew *England* true vertue by meer vice;
T'extoll my God, and Masters name above,
Strive thou my Soul in praisfull strains to move!

Den Wensch.

*Och dat myn Boeckken Engel-landt nu mo-
Wolle maken Engel-ghelyk menschen. (ghet
En ick ghelyk een Engel hoogh gheboze.
Dochten te schrieven als sanctus Paulus soze?*

To the Author.

EV'n as the nasty Swine both flies and hares
All fragrant Ointments; (for what recreates
Our senses unto them is pestilent.)
Just so of thy strong lines the very sent

Will make the Borish Rusticks scud amain,
Never desiring to read Verse again.
Let Hinds base things admire. May *Phæbus* still
Thy cups full of *Castalian* liquor fill
Up to the brim ; for them that can Compose
Like Thee, the Muses darling : unto those
I leave _____

Ralph Piggott. Esq;

Upon the Authors Poems.

WHere's the best Inn ? here Reader : Stay
Pray, light and drink : What, haste away ?
Here's Attick Juncates ; and for Wine,
Nectar both Morall and Divine.
Take mine Host's proffer : 'Tis a crime
Not to be drunk with Extatick rime. *J. A.*

On the Authors mixt Poems.

WHat is't you want ? Wit or Wine ?
Fancies Morall or Divine ?
Read these Poems : what you crave,
You can no sooner ask, then have. *O. B.*

Nich. Murford Authori Hospiti Amicissimo.

IHugg thy Fancy much, because Divine ;
Nature is excellent in its refine.
Divine Raptures, are, Natures complements,
And gives perfection to mixt Elements..
And since mine Host can reach heaven with a rime
I'll honour only Sack, Nectar sublime :
And pray a blessing to the Authors pains
In heav'n immortal, on earth honest gains.

Owen Barne, Gentleman
Upon

Upon the Authors Work.

Thy curious Miscellanies of delight,
shall be Wits off-spring, Art's Hermaphrodite.

Idem.

Upon his Inn.

Your Inn's the Star, but from your self the Beam
Of Light, to it, as from the Sun doth stream,

Idem.

Or thus,

No more the Star shall be to me
Of such an Inn a signe, but Thee.

Idem.

To the Reader of those Poems.

Hospitis in mensa, vultum non fercula pensa.

Idem.

Ad Authorem.

Alma tibi mater fuit Anglia, Gallia nutrix,
Et Germana dehinc hospita tellus erat.

Hinc tres sermones retines, veluti genuinos,

Romanum quartum lectio multa dedit.

Addidit ingenium præstans natura, sic ortus

Es vates Lauro dignus Apollineæ;

Sed quod divinum resonat tua Musa Poëma

Omnes mirantur, quod super Astra volas;

Nec mirum, non dat Tellus, Naturæve Mentem,

Cœlitus emissa hæc, sydera summa petit.

Tho. Parkin, Medicinæ Doctor.

Englisht.

Thy Mother England was, thy Nurse was France,
Dutchlandt thine Hostess. Hence thou didst in
Three native Tongues; then Industry begot (chance
Latin the fourth. Thy wit by Nature's lot

A 4

Was

Was such, that thou a Poet masculine
Becam'st by drinking *Helicon* divine.
But that thy Muse so sacred is, and high,
Men marvell thou shouldst mount above the Skie ;
No marvell : Place, nor Nature Thee soul gave,
From Heav'n it came, and Heav'n again doth crave

T. P.

Au Lecteur.

*Chansons plein de sens,
Oraisons plein d'encens ;
Poésie, & Pieté
Sont ensemble icy.*

Tho. Parkin.

*To his worthy Friend Mr. N.M. Merchant,
on his Fragmenta Poetica, 'Ευλογεῖον.*

NOt to applaud when desert makes it due,
Hath as deep share in ill, as to a vow
The Act (by not reproving it) seen done;
Such were my *Errour*, O Poëtick Son
Of *Pallas*, if I don't (perusing) praise
Thy touring raptures, meriting rich Bayes. (shine
Good *Nich.* march on; May thy quaint head-piece
As *Limbeck* of those learned sisters Nine /
The cordiall Vote of a True friend of thine.

Nich. Toll, Pastor at Lynn.

To

To the Author.

(l. h)

WHEN whole-sale Men are bankrupt, & none
To trade in wit, but those who do't by theft;
Such as retail rime weekly by a sheet,
To gain perhaps the Counter or the Fleet :
In such a Fancy-famin not to raise,
But make wit cheap ; deserves a double Bayes.
This thou hast done in these thy works, nay more;
For thou hast brought *Pernassus* to our shore ;
Salt Owse a fresh Muse has, when *Cam's* are salt;
Lyn has a capering Nymph, when *Oxford's* halt :
Warehouse of Wit, fill still; let others gain,
By fetching Fortunes goods from *France* or *Spain*!
Thou hast a higher trade, which none o'them uses,
Thy stock is verse, thy factors are the Muses,
Thy returns Fame; thine is such Merchandize,
As feeds not Custom, and quite starves Excize:
Trade on wits Merchant, give the world to know
Chaucer was bred in *Lyn*, and so wert Thou.

Raptim

Tho. Toll junior, Gent.

To the Author Mr. N.M. upon his divine

P O E M S.

Commend thy Verse sweet NICH? I need not! tush,
When Wines are good, they never want a Bush.
Commend thy Verse? I cannot! 'tis a Task
To doe it well, would *Cleaveland's* Fancy ask ;
Yet this Ile speak for thy immortall credit,
It is no spurious piece: but MURFORD did it.
At these thy Lines, whos'er shall take offence,
They understand them not, they have no sense.
Let who will cavill at thy Book, what's in't
Is not imperfect; but 'tis done in PRINT.

Tho. Leech, A. M.

A 5

Go

GO thou away with all the praise of mine,
Who Own'st these Poems Morall and Divine.
What? canst not doe enough, but over-do't,
Draw us such Wine, so good, and Sugar to't?
Let others brows be crowned with a rush,
The Lawrel's thine; yet this Wine needs no Bush.
Thy Star's a glorious Sun, and gives more light
Then can b'obscur'd by foulest envies spight.

*To his esteemed friend M. Nich. Murford,
On his Fragmenta Poetica.*

THAT *Memnon's* image tuned by the hear
Of glitt'ring rayes showr'd down frō *Titans* seat
Prov'd Vocal, I'le not doubt, since sparks of wit
And Scintillations of thy brain made fit
Our indisposed Fancies, to produce
Impressions propagated from thy Muse.
For those Poetick flames in us begun,
Are all derivative from thee our Sun.
That humane souls are Numbers. as of old
Xenocrates affirm'd is now controll'd,
Since thine such rare endowments doth possess,
Which are both Singular, and Numberless;
Yet why goe I about thus to confine
Thy boundless praise to th'compass of a Line,
Which he that would express, and make it known,
Must write a Volume larger then thine own:
Let this suffice, that we adorn thy praise
Now, not with Ivy, but Immortall Bayes.

To

THOU *Pallas* vented from most pregnant brains,
Go, teach the world new Mathematick strains;
This little Quadrature to us imparts
The Circle of all Sciences and Arts.
Those scandalizing pens which at thee wonder,
Shall know, that *Bacchus* was begot with thunder.

J. Bastard.

A. B.

To his worthy friend M. Nich. Murford,
Upon his *Fragmenta Poetica*.

IN Faith I wonder, yet in Truth I see,
Pallas will leave the Universitie,
And come to *Lynn*; she hath already sent
Her head-piece to thy house, her sacred tent,
Which is a sign she'll come. Affirm who dare
A man i' th' Moon to be, he's in the Starre,
Whose drink's no White, nor Claret, no such meane,
He drinks not Hippocras, but Hippocrene; (uses
Whose radiant splendour, whose quaint courteous
Make him an Host fit for the thrice three muses.
Mourn then ye Heliconian Brats, give o're
Your wonted wanton Garbs, invest no more
Your Selves with colours diaped; put on
Sable accoutrement, *Pallas* is gone.
No news, alas; that wit would soon decay,
Who knew not, when the head was ta'ne away?
The sacred brains must putrifie we know,
Seeing the *Pia Mater*'s wounded so.
Star-gazers, have your wits sequestred been,
As well as wealth, that none this Star have seen?

It:

It neither rise nor fals, that ye may know it,
It hangs o're *Helicon*, go quickly to it :
Where you shall finde him, whom you'l swear to be
Natures perfection, Wits Epitome.

Sic obtestatur

Tuissimus Carolus Cremer, Cantabr.

Coll. Corp. Christi.

To his very good Friend Mr. Nich. Murford,
upon his POEMS.

DEAR Friend, I'll swear thy Verses I must call
Not sublunary, but Celestiall ;
For sure th'Intelligences mov'd thy brain,
And were the *primum mobile* of thy strain
In Poëtry; thou dost so sweetly sing,
That wer't not Treason, I'd proclaim thee King
In *Homer's* stead ; and could I have my will,
Thou shouldst be chief of all the bifork'd Hill.
Thy head that Capitol of wisdom too,
Does more then Nature, much as Art can do.
Thy *Starre* works great effects of Chimistrie,
Aurum it make's to some *Potabile*;
It also wonders works upon Mens Wits,
And makes them think the lower Orb hath fits
Of th'trembling Agee, and they'll swear by *Jove*,
Copernicus speaks true, the Earth does move;
And for thy Book, the praise it gets of mine,
Is only this, it's exc'lent good, and Thine.

Tho. Parkin, junior.

A. B.

Upon

Upon the pitby Poems of Mr. Nicholas Murford,
M E R C H A N T.

I Do not here appear to praise thy Book,
Because I have acquaintance with Thee took.
I doe not praise thy Book, because of Thee;
But praise Thee for thy witty Book, all see.

Merchant of wit, who tradeſt in it much,
And ſell'ſt to ſuch, to buy that doe not grutch,
Thy *German, French, and Belgick* voy'ages; none
Can be compar'd to this, to *Helicon* :

Ah ! what great pity was it, that ſuch Wit
Did never in an *Academy* ſit ?

For if thou haſt, what had been ancient blades
Thou haſt out. done great *Homer's Iliads* :

Yet notwithstanding, oh ! how thou doſt ſhame
Some that from learned *Ox*, and *Cam* have came ?

When thou writ'ſt to thy Book, thy Friends, thy
How is thy ſoaring *Pegasus* then ſhod ! (God,

When thou haſt lad'n thy Ships, & *cætera*,
Then *nulla dies ſine linea*.

Thy witty, whoſome *Satyrs* laſh not men ;
But heart-corrupting, and Soul-wounding ſin.

When thou art pleas'd to write upon thine Inn,
Raſh men think no man e're in ſuch came in.

But to the *S T A R* thy Tavern, if men come,
The firſt words are, Is the good man at home ?

And then (with much reſpect) moſt happy he
Who hath thy moſt delightfull companie.

Never did I ſee man ſo much reſpected
In ſuch a calling, one ſo perfected !

In brief, if one would praise Thee, it is thus,
The Author is, *Unus in omnibus*.

Thy Book repleat is with Wits purity,
Full of Divine wit; but no ſurquedry.

Cæſar


Cesar, if not *Cesar*, would wish to bee
 (I verily do think) *like unto Thee*.
 (As *Alexander* said t' *Diogenes*)
 God help poor Kings, they ha'nt such happy days !
 If thou abused art by a dul Elf,
 Thou'lt jeer him so, he'll chuse to hang himself,
 As once did one of old. Thus these thy laies
 Ingag'd me Secretary of thy praise,
 And thou deservest to be Secretary
 To England's best, and gallantst Noble, marry.
J. B.

A l' Auteur.

M *On meilleur Amy (plustost) ma foy*
Vouz merite Secretaire du Roy.
Robert Thorowgood
Merchant.

To the Authour M. Nicholas Murford, Merchant.
Pursuith of Baro. Anag.

Thy Poems on a Pillory makes me stand
 With both my ears fast nail'd, and fixed hand
 Upon thy Book, which took me when I see't
 (As flies are taken) fetter'd by the feet (write
 Of thy smooth verse. Thou, whose smooth chin doth
 Thy date of years the houres of day and night,
 That abler wits admire to see thee climb
 To so great height in such short space of time.
 Poetrie's now grown Staple-Merchandize
 Free from Old Custome or the New Excise.
Silvester, Spenser, Johnson, Draiton, Donn,
 May see Verse measured by the Last and Tunn,
 While Dutch, French, Spanish, English liquours use
 T' adorn thy house, their learnings grace thy Muse;
Thy

Thy frolique Nimble Genius like thy Star
That twinckling brings the Magi from afar
Into these Northern parts to come to Lynne
To see two Rarities, thy Works, thy Inne,
Which with thy Star and Stable represent
A second Bethlem. Next comes sweet Content :
When men were wise and happy, then this Theam
Was welcome news, that now seems but a dream.
The ancient Bards reserv'd this dish of meat
For Kings to taste on : then were Crowns compleat;
But since their learned days Content and Kings
Are from us fled with their high-towring wings
Not seen, felt, heard, or understood, Unlesse
That in a Gallie, this a game at Chesse.
Thy Muse hath made thee Momus-free, each word
Mur'd with a Wall, and Moted with a Ford,
Thus garrison'd, in this the Nectar flows,
In that the Lawrel springs to binde thy Brows.
Let the poor Scoundrel praise the poor-patcht words
Of ebrious Poets sheets, sung on two bords
Upon a pair of Truffels in a Fair,
Or Market, where the Clowns and Girles repair;
And let the Romancer his stories gild
With Ladies loves, Knights conq'ring, Giants kild.
Let the bold weekf-man write his wrong-set news,
That may by Patent all the world abuse,
With six days works of new-created lies
To binde up Gally-pots and bottome pies.
Let them seek praises where they will for mee,
All that I have or can, belong to thee,
And to thy Star that calculates thy fate
To be divine *Apollo's* right-hand mate,
And make me wish my self a Star, to bee
A pointer in the Gnoards to say *that's Hee.* 
And for thy Book, let never greasie thumb,
Nor shallow-brain upon thy pages come,

Nor

Nor doubts that must be forc'd to read it twice,
Nor ignorance attempt to ask the price,
Nor stammering fools, that hack and mar the sence,
The sellers power's repeal'd to take their pence;
Thy worthy Work shall make thy Pen so fam'd,
And get thee glory that thy Book's *Nick-nam'd*.
Then march-on MURFORD never be afraid,
The Muses love t'have young beginners trade;
And I short to express thy worth, thy rime,
Crave leave to end and mend another time.

Jo. Bradford.

*To my exceedingly respected friend Mr. Nicholas
MURFORD, Merchant.*

WHen Reason, Fancy, Wit, and Grace
In tender years take each their place,
These make the man. All these I see
Concur in this thy Book, and Thee.

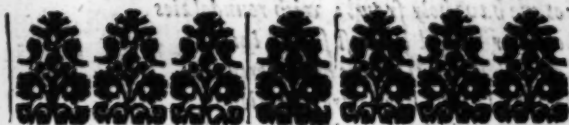
Thou Merchant *Murford* maist be well,
For this thy Book doth much excell,
And set's forth Reason, Wit, and Grace
In every line, in their due place.

Good Friend, hold on, and write a-gain;
This Book will sell, and thou'lt remain
Incourag'd still for future Wark,
And get the name of *learned Clark*.

E're long thou'lt hear men will relate:
Thee to be Poet laureate.
Thus think I of thy Book, and Thee,
And am thy faithfull friend and free.

W. Skynner, Gent.

The



The Invocation.

To the most High G O D.

His humble Servant

Implores his most favourable assistance.

OH all-wise Got! with the least word who can
Make me dull wretch, as clear as Solomon;
Daign from the Orbs to view this Work of mine,
And with Diviner raptures it refine?
Great God! I crave thy Spirit, and doe refuse
To this my Work to invoke a Muse.
"A sacred heat inspires my Soul to try
If Verse can give me what base Earth deny,
A true content; therefore (Lord!) I'll think on
"Thy Jordan for my purest Helicon;
"And for bifork'd Parnassus, I will set
"My fancy on thy sacred Olivet;
For thy Diviner Poet David did
That which was ne're attain'd to by Ovid.
Nay thou who *Ætna* curb'st, and the wilde Sea,
Shalt of my Songs be Alpha and Omega.
Let my Divine things be perspicuous,
And ev'n my worst (my God) be vertuous!

Let

*Let me have holy fraud: with roundelaies
Let inter-mixed be most sacred laies!
Let my but moral things have vertue on,
And my Divine have pure Religion!*

*Let my wit draw the Reader with such Art,
That Grace may sweetly captivate his Heart!*

*Oh let my Epigrams jeer him from bad,
My Satyrs make him to leave vice be glad!*

*My Elegies to make him mourn for's folly,
My holy Sonnets learn him to be holy!*

"Grant Verse may finde him; who a Sermon flies,

"And turn delight into a sacrifice!

*Let me not be like those live ill, preach well,
Who save mens souls; yet send their own to Hell!*

POEMS



POEMS.

The STORM and CALM:

*Sent from Embden to M. Edw. Ma. and
M. Tho. Ly.*

WEary with Reading and with Meditation,
Upon my spirit settled a Vexation:
Having no Compass, nor no Chard to view,
Sith we did onely drive, and over-view,
What did our hastie spirits Griefs renew,
I thought in Verse to parley once with you.

The sometime-mounting Sea is now so calm,
As if it were surprized with a qualm:
The wanton Sails do beat the quiet Maste,
And the Sun's heat doth make Wood pitch to taste:
Two days before I gave the land-sight shilling,
Which I to give, as they to take was willing,
The Mariners were almost at a strife
To have me hear what each would say to's wife.
The thievish Irish we had quite giv'n over,
Concerning thoughts that they could us discover:
We anchor'd with Hope's anchor, and our own;
Then from the ground they both again were shown.
Now a dissembling voice of winde doth speak;
But presently we cannot hear him squeak.
The sleepeie Sea that 'fore so boist'rous was,
Is now as smoothe as the most even Glass:
One now would think the water to be dead,
Or with dead sleep to be heavie as Lead;
Which not to wake, the stormy folk I cry-on;
"O 'tis not good to wake a sleeping Lion!"

For

For not long since, in the same ship we were,
 When the mad Winde I thought would tear her gear ;
 And carrying by th' board a Maste, might quail
 The stoutest heart ; the skeening of a Sail,
 The shipping of a Sea, the Deck in water
 For full five hours in my conceit was greater :
 But all together, in my vainer minde,
 Would make a man to fear the raging winde :
 And if the Winde, which was but God's meer Creature,
 O how much more God, who was the Creator !
 But when the Ship was like to over-set,
 The Sea-men's eyes were dry, though bodies wet.
 In stead of praying, some did curses vent ;
 Which that they did, I would they might repent.
 Tiran withdrew his golden locks ; our Ark
 Now in the day must wander in the dark.
 One time we think we must for Norway go ;
 Then for Scotland ; then neither is it so ;
 For we have hopes for Tinnmouth, then for Humber :
 Thus doubtful fears our doubtful souls incumber.
 So dang'rous was our Voyage, that I vow,
 I love your preface, but woul'n't have it now.

Thus have we here the calm Prosperity,
 And the great storm of fierce Adversity ;
 Which I desire to draw to use : a Moral
 May here drawn out be for us mortals all.
 The first, her Sun, will take away our cloke,
 Before the other's blustering winde can choke.
 In Court Elisha had need doubly have
 Elijah's spirit, who was in the wave
 Of soul-trying, yet good Adversity,
 Which is the heav'nly Univerfity.

Oh Lord, give me my portion of these,
 Or either, as thou think fit, and doft please.

*To the Right Worshipful Thomas Revet Major elect
 of Kings Lynn.*

THE PRESENT.

WHile wealthy Senators, and Burghers rich,
 Make privie search th'row th'Ocean and each ditch
 For curious, rarer, and scarce heard of Fishes,
 With Love and Pride to furnish your vast dishes ;

And

And neighb'ring Knights and Gentry hunt each Park,
 Search Fields and all for th' nimble Deer i'th' dark,
 Ere that Aurora hath her tresses dighted,
 Or Phosphor hath the Hemisphere belighted,
 The winged creatures with observant eye
 Watching, and waiting if they can espie :
 While these (having obtain'd) offer their Presents,
 My Muse their way doth wave, and not resents ;
 But for King John's Cup, brings Nectar sublime,
 And (for one dith) Ambrosia divine.
 And if you Mutick affect and admire,
 Apollo shall descend with his sweet Lyre.
 The Muses shall with trenchers wait upon you,
 If there chance not to be servants enough ;
 Nay, I'll dispeople Air, Sea, and the Earth,
 Rather (dear Sir) then there should be a dearth
 At your great Festival ; and could I charm,
 None should in thought, word, deed, produce you harm :
 And I hope (Sir) you'll please for to give way
 To hear a Poet Prophet turn, and pray.

May Envie sleep under your foot : Oh, may
 Your year of charge seem as one joyful day !

May we Plebeans with true Love, not Hate,
 Obey your just commands, as you the State !
 May you have Conscience, and have Policie,
 Before this People to walk prudently !

May your two houses have one single heart,
 And (Solon-like) to govern well, the Art !

May the great God's receivers, ev'n the Poor,
 Reliev'd be at their houses, and your door !

May Lyn still flourish, and increase by Trade,
 Ploughing the Ocean with the Naval blade !

May Spain, France, Belgia, Germany,

Our flood of fortunes ev'n like Venice spy !

May Alms support the ag'd, may Trades the youth,

And may your praises be spake by each mouth !

May children (yet unborn) say REVET did

All that was good, in nothing he misdid !

That to your mem'ry there may be regard,

When Death upon you place a *Corps du guard*.

Nay stay : for I ha'n't done (Sir ;) here's not all :

For here's a Feast you'll say's Poetical :

But could men's cordial and their often wishes

Supply your Board, then you should have these dishes :

And to speak truth, of old they were no babies

Who us'd this saying, *Crede, quod habes, & habes*.

First Course.

Collars of Brawn, stiff like a well-starch'd Ruff;
 Sallet, and Capon boyld tender enough,
 Gurnet, and Mallard, after the same sort,
 With a fore'd boyld meat, ordered with port;
 A roasted Neats-tongue, with a Pudding in it,
 (Ev'n such a tongue as ne'r did use to sin it.)
 A made dish of Puff-paste, with a fair Shoulder-
 Of Mutton &-leaves, capers 'fore the houlder.
 A Chine of Beef, Chewets of weak-brain'd Veal,
 A Sican, an Olive-Pye, a Pig sha'nt squeal.
 A leg of Mutton, Lark-pye, and a Turkey,
 With Ven'son-Pasty, Capon, Custard work I,
 And ha'nt the least remorse,
 Or thought o' th' second Course.
 Now I have time, and now with all my force,
 I'll muster up my wished second Course.

Second Course.

A tender Kidd, with a couple of Rabbits;
 A Kickshaw fry'd, or bak'd, (void of raw bits)
 A roasted Mallard, brace of Partridges;
 A Chicken-pye to march along with these.
 A brace of Woodcocks, a couple of Teals;
 A cold bak'd Meat, a dish of Plovers, Quails;
 A dish of Snipes, a cold bak'd Meat; thereby
 A dish of Larks, a Quince, or Warden pye.
 A dry'd Neats tongue, an Oyster-pye; then on
 A dish of Puffs, a Jowl of Sturgeon.
 A fair laid Tart of Puff-paste, and sweet sucket,
 A dish of pickled Oysters (Cloves bestucked.)
 In Ord'ring of these Dishes I'm so hoarse,
 I've not strength to name the look'd for third Course.

Apologie.

I know not how you relish these my Dishes,
 Nor if you daign acceptance of my Wilhes.
 Some judg them like *Apelles* fruit, and some
 To such, as soon as to your Feast would come.
 So we're Feast-hainers; th'difference is here,
 You feed the Mouth, and I doe feed the Ear.

Epigram

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

I. Cheater.

HAst thou, Cheater, of gold such quenchless thirst?
I would 'twere melted, then drink while thou burst.

II. Hold-Cook.

Cornutus was Cornutus call'd by's wife;
And was there not great cause of flaming strife?
She thought to shame her Man. Alas! poor heart,
I fear i'th' world to come she'll have the smart.

III. The Rule.

'Tis good to speak no ill of other men,
And of our selves to speak no good agen.

IV. The Spice.

All Vices have their taste from Avarice;
So is it one, though a corrupting, Spice.

V. The Serpent.

Sigismund's Stork a flatt'rer light upon,
Because he bit worse then a Scorpion.

VI. But marrs.

In Dutch, But Maer is; from 't I clearly spy
That our word Mar proceeded lineally:
For we say such an one's honest and wise,
But he is greatly given unto lyes.
Wherefore judge all men, you both neer and far,
If But, so used, do n't the Sentence marr.

VII. Imbarbus.

The Author those that flout him thus doth hit;
He wish to have never more Beard then Wit.

VIII. Imperfect.

Sure there's a mystery in Religion lurks;
Papists want Faith, and Protestants Good works.

IX. Tautologie.

I know not if 'tis question, or command,
In these words, hear, conceive, and understand.

X. Epitaph on M. S.

Behold a wonder! here lies slain
One in three hours that rose again.

Anag.

XI. Epit. on S. B.

Here lies a Squire, yet scarce a Gentleman;
A member onely of the Pinte and Can.

XII. Epit. on Al. Camock.

Here lies an Elder, Merchant, Poet, Artist,
Who having rul'd, traded, writ, wrought, 's dismiss.

Epit.

XIII. Epit. on M. Good-rich.

Here lieth one, whose name doth speak him even
On Earth accepted, and belov'd in Heaven.

XIV. Epitaph on the late K.

Zeal, Learning, Patience, Valour here doth lie,
Superlative, ev'n unto ecstasie ;
That steer'd a State War-tost, not by Self-will :
Blame then the Storm, not th' Pilot's want of skill.

XV. The Translator.

Thou second Sidney, if what's said is true,
That thou translat'st old English into new :
Nay it is said, that thou dost him transcend ;
For thou amendest All with thy good End.

To Sir R. S. Epistle.

SIr, after my vow'd service's remembrance,
I will betray my bolder Ignorance,
In letting my Muse take another flight ;
Then let her on your nobler hand alight.

Whenas not great, yet good Roger à Gaunt
Your kinde acceptance of my Muse did plant
Within my head, my head most thankful still,
Issu'd an Order to my baser quill,
My quill in hand (unjust) I bite my nails,
Because my head in brave invention fails.
I would say something, but I know not what,
My Muse is so beslagged, dull, and flat.

Yet now suppose me (dear Sir) in your presence,
Filling your ears with eloquent non-sence,
Inviting you, not, as I was your guest,
But, as a Trav'ler, to th' Star in the East,
Where, to speak without pure, fantastick flams,
Your choicest dish shall be of Epigrams ;
And they perhaps to you may seem less vain
Then the strange dishes of wilde France or Spain :
For if I should make preparations thus,
You'll take me to be Heliogabalus ;
And now I think on't, I might save my prate ;
For you was here, I think, too long or late :
And if I should speak out, and speak it flatly,
You were to p' lately here, it were no flat ly.

Then may I to your house invite my self,
O bold, advent'rous, and audacious elf,

Shall I re-enter then your Houses door?

I shall be then unmannerly to Snore,

And goe to Downham, ere I take my horse,

Or take my feet, and that you'll say is worse.

There's Inconvenience in their full-crown'd --- *glasses;*
 For they'll take letters out, and put in --- *lasses;*
 Nay they'll take wit out, and of men make --- *asses;*
 Clipping true English comes from ful-fill'd --- *bowles,*
 Blindneis at noon-day, as the weak-ey'd --- *owles.*

I like not learned Horace's thrice three,

Although they of th' uneven Muses bee,

To ravish'd high-flown Poets hieroglyphicks,

Methinks they bite sharper then keen Jambicks;

Nor that strange imitation of the Graces,

(Although but three) which gives mens wits short races;

But rather like that composition fine,

Ear-tickling wit unto heart-cheering wine;

And sith you use both, I would visit you,

But have no Beucephal to mount I vow:

Wherefore Ile this propose, if t'int too course,

Ile for a limbed change a winged horse.

A SONG,

Made at my last coming out of Germany,

WE are Neptunian boyes that come

For to see fair Albion's shore,

We wish, we wish to see our home,

And to leave the brutish bore.

Then now let our sails be spread, be spread,

Then now let our sails be spread,

The curled billows let us plow,

And Neptunes watry bed.

Jove give us a fair wind,

Our Ark heels as an hind,

That we stay not behind.

Oh Jove South-east,

Or elf North-east,

Or sweet East!

Neptune, grant Triton t'usher us

With his auspicious sound;

Tis musick not superfluous;

But pleasures there abound.

If that the Monster setteth sail
 Vnto that joyful noise,
 Who is not moved with a gale,
 But then doth feel his joys:
 He that with's mouth doth drink up Seas,
 And eat up floating flocks;
 He that the grassie Islands fleas,
 And shakes the firmeft rocks.
 Oh let us his strength see,
 Objects let us not be;
 In him shall we see thee.
 Our mouthes up raile,
 With louder praise,
 With thrillerlays!

The fiercer Sea-horse, that fell fish,
 Whose tooth so fair sharp is,
 The Mare-man, merry Mare-maid fish,
 Whose ditty pleasant is;
 That fish so mulical, and kinde
 Unto the sons of men;
 The Dolphin brave, whose sweeter minde
 Sav'd Orion with her fin.
 The wily Seal that land's,
 And defends her with sands,
 Who has watch in her bands:
 The snorting Porpus,
 Husband to th' Sea-sus;
 Thus, thus, thus!

The summer Mackril, and the Herring,
 That swim in such great flocks;
 The wide-mouth'd Sharb who is so learing,
 The Dog the fishers pox.
 The flail-fin'd Thresher, and Sword-fish,
 The muddy Eel and Lamprel;
 The harmles Whiting which men wish,
 And the Sea-wolf so fell:
 The Fountain-fish that spouts,
 The Flying fish that scouts,
 The Load-fish that so pouts.
 Great Jove, we stand
 Within thy hand,
 Now with Land.

14 Junii, 1649. *Epithalamium to M. G. Heather,
who that day married Mistress J. Revet.*

WHat mean the clamorous bells ? the Juvenal cry ?

The Virgin-Troop, that march so amorously
To th' place of Rendezvous ? The mounting bells —

Are loud-mouth'd Drums, and Trumpets that excels,
Beating a Call unto god Cupid's wars :

But oh ! who do n't delight in such sweet jars ?

Cupid leads on the frisking Cavalry ;

The pleasant Amazons march orderly

Under Latona's banner ; and Mars brings

Some Officers to order flanks and wings.

Alas ! 'twas needless to bring Vulcan He'ther ;

For Nature learns to Revet well together.

Their colours white, and they shew innocence ;

Yet cease not this your fight, oh ! in-no-sence.

Here is no danger ; bravely sound the charge ;

Bring up your canon, and stoutly discharge :

Yet how was my brain het with such fond fuel ?

It is no Battel, but a single Duel ;

And seconds may be in a-green-way then ;

But pray stay Gallants while your time come, when

Ye may go fight too ; in the interim

Go bite your handkerchiefs, and think on them.

Come, Bridegroom, let me whisper in your ear ;

Counsel is good to all that will it hear ;

Lavolta's you must dance ; and mounting then,

Your Bride will dance all th' dances o'er agen.

Musick, pray cease ; for I dare lay a shilling

The sense of Hearing is not like the Feeling.

Vncivil guests, be gone, and bid good-night,

Or else if I come, I'll put out the light.

Ye senseless animals to talk of noon ;

What if they did ? I say 'twas not too soon.

Come, leave your tatling, gossips, and be gone ;

Ye make the Bride blush like a rose in June.

Blush not (sweet Bride.) Go, Hymen, light your torch,

And usher out these guests out of the porch :

For if the proudest of you dare to tarry,

I'll scourge you with a smart make-Satyr, marry.

And for these lingring Virgins, oh, Priest, lo,

If you'd but marry them, then they would go.

The PRAYER.

FAir Bride, may ev'ry night you go to bed
 Give your good Husband a new Maiden-head,
 And if he chance to ever think amisse,
 May your sweet lips then charm him with a kisse.
 Then that the World may see you are no starters,
 May a son bleſs you at lawfull three quarters !

A Farewell to the World. Satyr 1.

O R

A Comments on a Copy of Verses.

"FArewell, ye honour'd raggs, ye Christal bubbles;
 "Farewell, ye lying joyes, ye pleasing troubles.
 Wise Salomon saith, Earth's most choice things merit
 Is vanity, with vexing of the spirit.
 These raggs are worn, these christall bnbbles choking,
 These joyes are lies, these pleasing troubles croking.
 Therefore, vain World, of thee I take farewell,
 Before I reasons fully to thee tell.
 "Fame's but an hollow Eccho, gold pure clay,
 "Honour the darling but of one short day.
 Fame's a multhrum, which Pliny doth repute
 Nature's chiefe miracle having no root:
 E le had those Grecians, and those Romans brave
 For their atchievements never found a Grave;
 And besides where shall empty Fame be hurl'd
 When God doth make a bone-fire of the world ?
 Great store of Gold can not be gotten in,
 And kept (saith learn'd Erasmus) without sin.
 And that deceitfull, though most glorious clay,
 Behold ! maketh it wings, and flies away.
 Ah ! how was Julius Cæsar s honour lay'd
 In blood ? And how most strangely wa't betray'd ?
 How faild great Pompey's state ? whose story sad
 Would make a man in honour halfe grow mad ?
 How were those wretched Kings, that for the riot
 Of their proud foe, did draw his Chariot ?
 How was it with that poor dejected King,
 His vile deposing by foes suffering ?
 How was it with one of the Royall blood,
 The neereſt heire, ah ! who not only stood
 Barehead, but barefoot ran, oh cruelty !
 After the train of mounted Burgundy.
 Stanly presuming of his surer hold,
 Was 'nt onely unexpectedly controld;

But

But at no warning, oh the viler deed!
By crooked Richard shortned by the head.
Fame hath no root, gold tried is but dross,
And by that vaunting honour is most loss.
"Beauty's chief Idol's but a damask skin,
"State bnt a golden prison to keep in,
"And torture free-born minds;imbroid'red trains
"Are but the issues of fantastick braines.

A dash of natur's tincture laid upon
The skin, by sickness washed of anon,
Is beauty. And what but a fair blossom,
That drops, as fruit offer's thereon to come?
What but a flower, oh ye fondling mortals!
Which with one hot Sun-beam wealt'reth, and falls?
He that did with a thousand beauties ly,
Said favour is deceit, beauty vanity.

State still ingend'reth Envy, and we see,
Each hath a cudgell for a laden Tree.

All th' cures 'ith Street in fierce pursuit are gone
Of that poor cur that runneth with the bone.

How many even in this age of ours,
Whom wealth betray'd, and made malefactors?

One saith, State is n't only a prison foul;

But doth avouch it the bane of the soul.

How fearfull are the great to tread awry,

Because they're watched by many a spie?

Imbroid'red traines, what are they? ev'n the best

Are borrowed from some stranger bird, or beast;

And all attires. The Bever ownes the Hat.

As for th' silk-stocking, the silk-worm owneth that.

The Sheep the Suit and Cloak. The Boot & Shoe the Neat,

And if this strip'd the Gallant scarce would sweat.

Beauty's a paint detected, States a Cage

Of Iron, Traines a folly in young age.

"And blood ally'd to greatnesse is but loan

"Inherited, not purchas'd, not her own.

What thy Father by his worth deserved

Belongs not to thee, nor for thee reserved;

Saith one (and be it known he was no bable)

It is thine own deserts must make thee noble;

For that which by our Ancestors is sown,

Because not ours, is scarcely call'd our own;

Greatness of blood without claiming desert,

By wise men is not valew'd worth a fart.

"Fame, Riches, Hoonur, Beauty, State, Trains, Birth,

"Are bnt the fading pleasures of the Earth.

Adde, if you please, strength, valour, pleasure, wisdom ;
Corruption all these doth overcome.

" I would be high, but see the Sun doth still

" Level his beams against the rising hill.

I see the common humour doth abet

The ax to be i'th' blood of Nobles wet.

LAUD and STRAFFORD had n't had so ill a fate,

But that they mounted were in Church and State.

Therefore advance I wish not in extremes,

For fear the Sun should melt it with his beams.

" I would be rich, but see man too unkinde,

" Digging the bowels of the richest mine.

And therefore is it that it seemeth reason

To make rich men guilty of high Treason.

Oh how men pine when a fair house is shown,

That (they think) a too wealthy man doth own !

" I would be wise, but that the Fox I see

" Suspected guilty, whilst the Ass goes free.

Oh the great safety of a Fool ! the Gull

(A bird much found among the Worshipful)

Danger afflicts not : but the Nightingale

The thorns her breast prick, and she it doth wail.

The Flail and Sword-fish do not finde a fault

With silly quiet fish, but th' Whale assault.

Therefore but note the mystery of it ;

Wise men cut off, Fools sav'd for want of wit.

" I would be poor, but see the humble grass

" Trampled upon by each unworthy ass.

As that Souldier leaping short o' th' ditch,

The Company (each one) made him their bridge :

Yet none but Asses to the humble can

Forget so much the other is a man.

" Wise suspected, High envi'd more,

" Rich hated, Fair tempted, scorn'd if Poor.

" Would the world now adopt me for her heir,

" And Beauty's queen entitle me The fair :

Were I as famous ev'n as Hercules,

With Cræsus riches, and of both the Indies,

And as much honour as an Alexander,

Walking with Venus in loves sweet Mzander,

And as much state as (sometime) Solomon,

As rich attire as Cleopatra on

My back, with neer alliance unto Kings ;

Lord, what are these but flatt'ring fading things !

Were I the most Angelick creature living,

Who, though a widower, need not go a wiving :

" Could

"Could I vye Angels with rich Indian meads,
 "Or with a speaking eye command bare heads.
 Had I all Vsurer's baggs in mine own keeping;
 (But they, nor I, could not then rest by sleeping)
 Or could my nobler eye speak Majesty,
 And make men humbly at my feet to lie.
 "Could I be more then any man that live's,
 "Fair, rich, great, all in superlatives.
 Were I more, then can be, most fair, most rich,
 Most wise, most great, t'would be a lying itch,
 Which seem's to tickle at the first; but lo!
 It make's a man into halfe frenzy go.
 "I count one minute of my holy leisure
 "Beyond too much of all this worldly pleasure.
 One spirituall ejaculation
 Is better then to rule a mighty Nation.
 How sweet is it, for to converse with God,
 Holding his Scepter out instead of Rod!
 With Paul to be in the third Heavens rapt,
 Which for to be, each humbled soule is apt.
 "A Book of Prayers shall be my lookinglas,
 "Wherein I'll see, and court sweet Vertue's face.
 In Prayer I will see God's face; vertue
 By Heathens call'd is now Religion true.
 Shunning of vice, and loving that is good,
 Now vertue's beauteous face hath lost her hood.
 "Here will I sit, and sigh my hot youth's folly,
 "And learn t'affect an holy melancholly.
 Ah! here I'll grieve for with sad sighs, and groans,
 Sins by my marrow-hot-inflamed bones.
 My sins of youth with David I'll lament,
 Till God doth say thou do'st, and I'll repent.
 "And if contentment be a stranger then,
 "I'll never look for't, but in Heav'n age'n.
 'Twas that made Israel safe in the red Sea,
 The blest three Children in the fire to be
 Vnscored, and David to fight Goliath,
 And Jesus earthly Mother blest Maria
 Scape Herod's cruelty. Joseph i'th pit,
 And in the Prison so for to embrace it.
 Stephen amid a shower of stones to stand
 Thrice blest, holding of Christ by heart, and hand.
 Note 'twas contentment under God's great hand,
 That made them waighting for deliverance stand.
 If then contentment be'nt in faith to God,
 Contentment by me is not understood.

D. Rogero Sotheby Mercatori, ut pignus observantia

D.D.D. hunc Papam-Damon. N. M.

Satyr. 2.

The P I C T U R E.

*Hæc pictura videt monachum nunc esse per omnes;
Sed modò verte parùm, Damon ut ipse videt.*

RUn, run, run, run : what are you mad to stay ?
Sluggard, there is no Lion in the way,
To stop thy flight from a more monstrous beast
Then the strange formed Creatures of the East.
Thou piece of lying holiness's avault,
Thou gold-devouring, gaping Cormorant,
Thou beast with seven hornes, heathen in heart,
Although thou hast of lies guilding the Art.
Thou Tyber-Tyger, thirsting after blood
Of such as thou wilt never be so good;
Methinks that those that come to kiss thy Toe,
Should let their eyes a little further go,
And there see with an halfe eye, and halfe blind,
How foul he's under his vizard behind:
His Tripple Crown declares that triple evill,
Of failing flesh, base world, and curied Devill;
Nay throw him down from off his Papall-seat,
And he uncased then will make you sweat.
Look one way here, and then a Pope you see,
And but revers't the Devill a Pope is he,
A two horn'd Devill, and there is no hope
That he can e're returne again to Pope.
But take him at the best he is so evill,
That I must style him here a right Pope-Devill,
Or Devill-Pope, which is not my meer humour,
Or taking up on trust of lying rumour;
But as the Devil proud was, so is he,
And as it was his ruine, 'twill his be.
The Devill we know all was such a lyar,
That he deceiv'd our Grandam Eve's desire,
And promised to give Man-God the Orb,
Whenas he need not his heart so disturb;
For it was none of his to give; so th' Pope
Blasphemously doth give to sinners scope
To swim in sins, and this it is deceives,
He sayth his pardon punishment reprieves,

And

And faith he cannot erre, oh errorr great,
Crept unto such a learn'd abused seat.

Simil. Thus have I seen a picture that one way
Was man, th' other a womans face display.
So have I heard of Crocodiles deceit,
Dissembling Childrens cries have layd a bait.
So have I seen an apple good to th' eye,
To th' better proving mouth hath giv'n the lye.
So have I known a brasse ring gilt all over,
Which trying time the falsity discover.

Such Pictures, Crocodiles, Apples, and Rings,
May with the Pope be call'd deceitfull things.

The Map of vice: Italian Atheisme,
Spains pride, French lightness, and their Schisme,
Dutch drunkenesse, Jews superstition,
And such that if I would make inquisition,
I could compare him I dare here protest
To no one man; but to Lucifer best.

Manfroy's ambition commeth short of his;
Ravillacks murther that, then his was less.
Nero's vile cruelty he doth out do,
And Paris theft like his is nothing so;
More Tyrant then Caligula; more vile
And wav'ring then the Emperour of Nile
Was to Gods chosen Israel; reason
Will say he hath out-done Sylla's vile treason.

'Tis true he's like Caligula in this
He doth repine at all mens happines.
Cleopatra, and Semiramis lusts
To his great stormes, are but as smaller gifts.
Proud Dioclesian that call'd the Sun
Brother, comes behind him, for he don't shun
T'usurp Christs place to be head of the Church;
For cursed Avarice he is as much

Guilty as base Hermocrates, who did
Bequeath his goods unto himselfe when dead.

The Sabies were not so idle as he,
Nor do I think that any man can be.

The Tyrant Dionysius by drink
That lost his eyes, was not his match I think.

Wherefore I pardon crave to have begun,
That which by betters must be over-don,
Sith I come short in all things; but I hope,
Some will from this more understand the Pope,

And at my younger hands take it not evill,
Sith I do justly stile him a Pope-Devill.

Duitz is te spraek met via'ndts, (foo-segg'ly) maer,
 As met een via'ndt wy spraek, wy sount bewaer;
 J'ck can niet swart whit segg'; foo van de Paep,
 J'ck can niet segg' hy opsta'et, as hy slaep.
 De Jude will niet dat Christus hier heeft west,
 De P'aust dat hy sount regulere; de best'
 Wy weet elk soek sijn selve; oh lieve Heere!
 Coninck van konincks du must reguleere,
 En de hovaerdich monnick seggen wy
 Must weer wesen **Servus Servorum Dei.**

Drunkenesse Satyr. 3.

VHen I thus ruminat, oh Heav'ns me blest!
 The Apish tricks of wilder Drunkenness.
 Those thirty Tyrants in that Heathen State
 More dire, unheard of things did ne'r create,
 Then these mad thirty Sons of Drunkeness,
 Some seeming vertues; yet most horrid vices.
 Oh wonder! here the miracle still lies,
 It doth delight it selfe in contraries.
Witty, Foolish, waking, sleepe, angry,
Pleasant, faithfull-lesse, valiant, cowardly,
Quarrellom, loving, healthfull, sick, then come
Covetous, libellous speaking and dumb,
Lame, walking, secret, open, lecherous, chaste,
Carefull-lesse, proud, humble, mad, quiet's last.

1. **Witty**, or empty boldnesse for conceit,
 Is subject to be cheated by deceit.
 How have I heard a vafering bla de dispence
 With a conceited wit; but meer non-sence?
 How have I heard a thunder thumping wit
 Sometimes his friend, sometimes himselfe to hit?
Sim. So have I seen a glitt'ring weapon stand
 In a mad man's ill-regulated hand.

2. **Foolish**, for motly Drunkards slaver, yaun,
 As if they were a witleis changelings ipaun,
 Wanting the utterance of words, drawing
 To void his Vrine, like beasts, his Cud chawing.

Sim. So have I seen, an Ideot in the street,
 Shewing his ware to all that do him meet.

3. **Making**, when he hath far more need of sleep,
 Against it do his senses cent'ry keep,
 His eyes speak want; yet do's his pride say no,
 He say's he's sober when he's nothing so.

Sim. So have I seen expences that were large,
When he could not defray one hafe o'th charge.

4. **Sleepy**, that friends can't raise him to a bed,
Heavy with Drunkennes, as duller lead.

The noise of dreadfull thunder, nor of waves
That Lion-like do roar, nor he that raves
Tormented by Perillus bull, or winds
Impetuous rage this man still sleeping find's.

So do Chirurgions their Patients keep
From sense of pain by a benumbing sleep.

5. **Angry**, still finding fault, and ever thinking
That he is jeer'd, never content (but drinking)

Oh! he ha's no respect, not worthy he
(And there he's right) of the good Company.

His eyes red, glaring, rousing, sparkling so,

As if he would devoure those that say no

To his affirmed lyes: in his short madness,

Now are his cheeks become as pale as ashes,

Then fiery, and swoln up, as with poison.

His quivering head and hands shaking upon

His sencelesse Trunk, and his Lips quivering,

His foul mouth foming, and his tongue doubling,

His reeling feet unconstantly shifting,

And his full-gorged stomach alwayes lifting,

And the whole man wholly unlike himselfe,

So furious, is this our ridiculous else.

Sim. So have I seen a Curr to bite the stones.

Thrown at him whereby he breakes his jaw-bones.

6. **Pleasant**, he speak's as one learning the Sauter,

Mopping and mowing he ingend'reth laughter

By much of which a foole is known: how merry

Is he become by drinking searching sherry?

Dancing Corranto's, and fine Northren Jiggs,

Unmercifully thumping wentches giggs.

Sim. So here's the difference of this frolick wherry

Others are mad fools; but this is the merry.

7. **Quarrelsome**, as those that do whore and drab,

Or Alexander who did Clitus stab.

So that Tyrant Cambises be'ng reprov'd

For Drunkeness shot his Son much belov'd,

And say'd unpat'rall Father, whose words stunk,

See what a steady hand I've now I'm Drunk.

And some men then commonly give the Glove

For desp'rate Duells where they had firm love.

Some men (some what more harmlesse) for they'll cuffe

On no occasion giving counter buffe.

Sim. So

Sim. So have I heard men (if I don't mistake them,) That know mens words better then they that speak them.

8. **Loving** so fervently his drunken mate,
That you would think there was no place for hate,
Vowing he'll lend him hundreds, when alas!
The borrower (God know's) his own case was.
He love's, he love's, he love's with so great vigour,
As you can scarce believe, (but 'tis the liquour)
And he beginneth friendship with another,
Who he doth swear shall be dearer then's Brothers;
But it may chance to fall e'r they do part,
That he doth give his hand in lieu of heart.

Sim. So have I seen two Children kiss each other
But now, and presently each strike the other.

9. **Faithfull** if't may be called so; for some
Vnto his friend a second will become,
And to his drunken inflam'd friend add fewell
To perpetrate a wretched dangerous duell.

Sim. So have I heard, that one did swear, and swagger
He'd kill himselfe, and th' Devill reach'd a Dagger.

10. **Faithless** pretending friendship; yet his coyn
Indeavouring by wiles for to purloyn,
And by that cursed play of Cards, and Dice
Trim up his own new clothes with nits and lice.

So doth the Crocodile weep, and yet watch
If by his wiles a prey he well can catch.

11. **Gallant**, he dare tell Belzebub he lies,
And in this humour Hercules defies,
Dare fight a Troup, out-dare the thundring Ordnance,
'Gainst ev'ry man his vap'ring fists advance.
But when he's sober he's another temper,
And his surname is Innocentius semper.

So have I heard one hath contemn'd the Mayor,
And the next day hath waited at his stayr.

12. **Cowardly**, and as Pusillanimous,
As with the frog was that combating mouse
In Æsops Fables, or those famous Clowns.
By Sidney plac'd in the Arcadian downes,
Each other by their Challenges so frightening,
That they can scarce refrain their briches —
Box him, and beat him, call him rogue, and rascall;
Yet he most vertuouly doth put up all.

Sim. So have I seen a strayed cur in 'th streets,
Bitten by all; yet cringes t'all he meets.

13. **Heathfull**, so that his stomach is not squeasy,
Although his witt may be somewhat too lazy.

Sim.

Sim. So have I seen at Sea a Sea-man young,
Not sick, but did no work, but with his tongue.

14. **Sick**, that you'd counsell him to make his Will;
But you in time shan't find him halfe so ill.

Sim. So have I seen a vagrant lame in show,
That if detected, was found nothing so.

15. **Covetous** in extreams, that he wont pay
His reckoning upon that selfe same day
He did with Bacchus feast, nor draw his coyn;
For he supposes his own hands purloyn.

Sim. So have I seen the spirits tormenting rack:
Grudge at the clothes he wore upon his back.

16. **Liberall**, that he'll give his hat from's head,
His Britches from his britch; nay 'tis se'd
His palfray he'll present to him perchance,
Through impudence that to him did advance.

Sim. So have I seen a Child in a pleas'd vain
Give's bread and butter, and crie for't again.

17. **Speaking** like Marcus Tullius Cicero,
His nimble tongue in it's careers shall go
Of all discourse a true Monopolizer,
When as (God wot) he scarce is thought the wiser.

Sim. So have I heard Rooks to vociferate,
When birds far more harmonious still fater:

18. **Dumb**, as was Æsop, and a mouth as shut,
As he for prating whose Coxcomb was cut;
As mute as fishes are, creatures immur'd,
Or those that have not wit to speak a word.

Sim. So have I seen a Malefactors crime
Hath made him speechless for that dreadful time.

19. **Lame** as the Savoy can afford, his feet
Alas! subject too often for to meet:

A true Noun Adjective cant stand alone;
But as th'Mxanders on Indentures done,

Sim. So reel his feebled feet. So have I seen

A man in sickness that full weak hath been.

20. **Talking**, that by his well-trod steps you'd think,
Drink was'nt in him, nor was the man in drink;
So like a sober man, and not defeated,

That wiser men then I might wel be cheated,

Sim. So are there whores like honest women; shame!
For ev'ry like (ye know) is not the same.

21. **Secret**, he wi'nt declare what he wil do.

Ye shall not know when he to ——— does go,

Nor when he kiss'd that handsome woman; no;

His secrets in his secret brest do grow.

Sim. So have I seen men in an high-stretch'd frolick
Whisper th' escape of the tormenting Chollick.

22. **Open**, he'll tell you what purse he did cut,
That he did lie with such a dirty slut,
What are his resolutions, how fine
He will be when at such a place he dine.

Sim. So have I known a wench whose tongue did burn
In sleep to tell who did her a good turn.

23. **Lecherous**, unto Whores, to girls, to boyes,
To dirty drabs, and in such brutish wayes,
As whether it may cause my grieve, or mirth
I know not, but the vilest Jade on'th Earth
Was for his turn, with, Madam, one salute,
Sometimes she's stubborn, sometimes prostitute.

Sim. So do wee see the feavour crave for cold,
When it is present death I dare be bold.

24. **Chast** as Diana, because lust is past,
I therefore think it scarce is called chaste.

Sim. So is occult a murtherous intent,
Because his murth'rous humour hath no vent.

25. **Carefull** of all his friends that have excesse
Even unto riot by their Drunkenness.
Oh cover him saith he upon the bed,
Because the bolder wine hath storm'd his head,
Lend him your hand down those two dangerous stairs,
Wake him betime, to think on his affairs.

Sim. So have I seen one that excus'd his friend
From drinking much; yet he hath drunk his end,
26. **Carelesse**, he weig's nor life, nor limb, nor gold,
Hazards his life, and limb, throw's gold untold,
And sweares he'll pave the house therewith, he hates
That odious crew of ruminating pates.

Sim. So have I seen men maz'd at Sea, and stand
Expecting Death whilst freed by 'another hand.

27. **Proud**, and so haughty, that a poor Mechanick
Shall not the drops fal'n on the Table lick,
Wonders at men's intrusions, and think's
The man much honour'd still that with him drinks,
He that he cuff's, is knighted, and his spit
Miraculously doth ingender wit.

Sim. So have I seen a man conceive applaud
From Auditors, when his conceit was fraud.

28. **Humble**, that he'll salute him, that before
He would have honour'd with a nod, not more,
Your very humble Servant, Sir: I vow,
As at the Heathen Alters so he'll bow

Sim. To ev'ry man. So doth the Mast i'th' wind :
But it impetuosity combin'd.

29. *Quad.* that he makes men camping-bals, he wrings
Mens arms, as Buts of wine are wrung in flings.
He tears the Cloaths, abuse your fame, and thurbs,
Your faces, backs, your bellies and your bumbs.

Sim. As hardly tame doth reason such mens sprites,
As water, fire ; or counsell Bedlamites.

30. *Quiet,* he th' object, you the Instrument,
Doe to him what your wits can e'r invent,
He is not mov'd, he is no man of passion ;
But is, alas ! an object of compassion.

Sim. So have I seen a mad Bull so bemi'd,
That his mad Frensie now is wholly tyr'd.
In fine, all Writers, that did, doe, or ever can
Write learnedly, can ne'r define this man,
This Proteus metamorphis'd to shapes
Of all beasts ; but most like to those of Apes.

The Rimer routed. *Satyr 4.*

O R,

Replies to R. D. his Papers by N. de Monford.

R. D. his first Paper.

A Cup of good Sack
To strengthen the back,
brought home by the good Shipmaster ;
I pray you good N I C K,
At this time be you quick,
You shall be the Poëtafter.

The Reply.

O H who DOB, who — what turn'd a Poët-tarter ?
So have I Mulick heard from a skill'd farther ;
But there are accents, and your Verse had none ;
And if they'd sentie, then were my senses gone :
But you will say 'twas Fancy. Such a look,
As he that mistook a bold tenter-hook
That seisd upon his Cloak, fearing a brute,
And ruder Sergeant, said, Sir, at whose sute ?
In such confus'd fear, I fear you writ
This Sonnet, and by it think your duller wit

Did

Did want the thing you spake of, quickning sack,
 Then be good fellow ROBIN, you sha'nt lack
 A half pint from him, who when you do come,
 Shall with the Muse speak better, or be dumb.

R. D. Watchmaker, his second Paper.

SO goe Sir NICHOLIS goe,
 Your verses like Tobias dog, so, so,
 Whatsoever you seem to be,
 There is more Poëts then we;
 For tainter hooks, they are in rook-alley,
 Near to the travally:
 And for my Cloke, I have but one
 Once paid for good deed done.
 For the thing you call my fancy,
 'Tis my wife, her name NANCY.
 There are those drink sack in Beer-glasses,
 Yet goe free of Poets lashes:
 Every Poët hath his Brother,
 Let's not lash one another:
 We are brave fellows both,
 No matter who is master,
 So long we have the troth,
 And love the Poëtafter.
 Thus much I thought for to rehearse,
 And here I write my Comment on the Verse.

Which by your self are beautifide;

Not by me villifide ♪

But rather gratifide :v

If not by you mis-edifide

They are well fortifide +

As also well qualifide o

Which if your self have justifide x

And from good Sack mortifide U

Which as yet was never certifide #

And under your hand testifide //

For which you shall be notefide T

Of such as are stupefide e

When their brains are purifide v

And with much lashing mundifide):

Unpared and unexemplifide (

Or at least so much rectifide y

That you deserve to be stilefide :

And also ; deifide

In the mean time your fame is magnifide *.
 Your perfon dignifide +
 I hope you will be fatisfide T
 When you are not damnifide X
 If your fame be turpifide):
 And your pains be ladifide (
 You fhall not then be nullifide +
 Nor yet by me ratifide (
 Our work you have not mollifide 3
 Nor calamities amplifide 2
 And fo my lafh is wearifide V

The ftrange explanation of the Characters.

C Kifs my Hoftels, + muzel her maid C rayl'd on
 3 Half drunk 2 drunk in ample manner
 T To know drunk or fober.

Thus the Verfe with quoted margent,
 And fo I end the Cloke and Sergeant.

(He begins again)

W That is chidden for being half drunk
 V To get a Fox and coft nothing
 W That is mistaken in drinking
 + That is drunk a Cup in a morning
 Qualifide: that is, Civil in drink
 X That is, drink off the whole Cup
 U That is, give over fmall Beer
 = That is, to know when to drink
 N I have pledged the health
 T Known for a good drinker
 U Sleep after drunkemeffe
 U Caft in your ftomach
 3 Begin on a Munday as doe Shoo-makers
 C Fox mine Hoft
 : Rayl'd on for not paying the fhoe
 : A Hey ftill : goe home before night
 : For holding out + for drinking to the bottom
 + Paying the fhoe * going on the fcore
 7: Clip the Kings Englifh.

R E P L Y.

DULMAN, know I'm a Merchant more then Vintner,
 Though I abide at home thefe times of winter;
 And your torn numbers and your piece-meal rime
 In which you keep not meafure, tune, or time,
 Have receiv'd, deceiv'd, fith you fo to it,
 And fith I did miftake you for a Poët.

Kinde

Kind Brother, sith thou takest all upon thee,
 (Dear one-Cloke) much admir'd by fools, and me.
 Dull Rimer, know I am as much above
 Thy foolish anger, as thy flaming love.
 Methinks I heard thee, and thy Muse thus mutter,
 (And I scarce heard yee, yee did both so stutler)
 "Hold for the Lord-sake *Nich'las*, lest you take us,
 "And use us worse then *Hercules* us'd *Cacus*!
 But fear not, ROBIN, sith thou know'st my spirit,
 And that pure love my milder brest inherit;
 Nor let thy years despair to write agen,
 I'll learn a boy in five, nay, thee in ten.
 Thy false spell made a Comet in thy verse,
 Whenas thou meant'st a Comment to rehearse,
 Which might have made thee seen as well as I,
 That thou shouldst fall great Prince of Poëtry.
 I wonder much that thou shouldst so long use it,
 And take delight to seek to be abused.
 Your rev'rend years doe almost me deter
 From writing of your proper Character:
 Startle not at it, though it seemeth tart,
 'T as no more Gunpowder, then has a —

The Character.

A Hoary head, an elocution,
 As those that march to execution;
 And in a crowd, if one should strike a blow,
 His brains might be strook out he is so slow
 In making of his just defence. Oh pity!
 Such a bad utterance in a man so witty.
 His face when I first saw, I said God sent us,
 I think, th' effigies of *Massolentus*;
 But hear ye, mark ye me. Oh sweeter Sire!
 This man in Winter makes his dear wives fire,
 And watches all the day, except one bring
 Tidings V to get a Fox, and cost nothing;
 And more then this the man is a rare singer,
 And Character'd, and T known for a good drinker;
 And like the wiser men of famous Gotham,
 He is renown'd for diving to the bottom
 Of the profoundest bowls; in fine a Greek
 That doth as Shoo-makers begin with week,
 And I doe fear, yet do'th' contrary wish,
 You were half drunk clipping the Kings English,
 In this your brain-sick brain-work. O be quiet!
 Or else goe feed upon a wittier diet:

And if you were drunk when you writ, go sleep on,
 Sith you were beat poor man with your own weapon.
 And mark ye me, hereafter always write
 Only to him whom your fierce verses fright,
 And cannot answer ; for I see't is vain
 To write to him can answer you again;
 But if your folly shan't be ne'r forgotten
 Then I will jeer you unto dead, and rotten.

The Epilogue.

IT may be (Gentlemen) yee'll blame me much,
 That I did here enter the Lists with such;
 But if a Child, or maimed man do post
 One that contemn's him : lo ! his credit's lost,
 If he accepts him not ; And though they'nt gainers,
 Yet it is meet to beat such to good manners.
 This **Thing** is such an one : I thought my answer
 Sufficient was; but that he was an Answer.
 Then mine unto his second paper, I
 Assuredly did think would satisfie;
 He yet persists, appointing three of's Friends
 To judge of our tongue-Combate, and his ends
 Of Poetry; t'was judg'd, and yet the Stint
 Had a desire to be a fool in Print.
 Wherefore that I might fully pallats please
 I've set ye here a dish of mouldy cheese:
 And do demand a better Champion,
 Then such an one, as Chevy-Chase did chaunt on,
 Wishing the Reader to pronounce him yeoman,
 Commanding him to sing to babes, and women.

Colendissimo, literatissimoque Mæcenati D. Martino
H O L B E A C H.

The Travells : Satyr 5.

I Must confess, dear Sir, I must confess,
 I'm bound to pray, that God still would you blesse,
 As men oblig'd use to do; but hold,
 Oh foolish Muse ! verses thou know'st ar'nt gold,
 And Debts are paid with coin, with lovely coine,
 Then I will re-pay you in your owne Coines;
 Was it not letters that you learnt me, say ?
 Then I will pay you in the selfe-same way;

And

(But

But that can not be so, for some have sworn
That Poëts are not made, but rather born.

I have another fetch. They say that friends
Covet to hear their friends Adventures; ends
Are but bad presents, and I would be loth
To give your longing minde less then whole cloth.

Since I ran from Minerva's Temple: he,
Need drove me out. Why should I then so lie?
I've seen the seventeen-headed Belgia,
And that most fruitfull land call'd Gallia;
I've seen also most pleasant Germany,
And in all three too much Idolatry,
And Prophanation. O! who would think,
Their Towns half drown'd with water, they with drink?
The high and mighty States there's weakness in,
There are some Heathens with most Christian King,
And the fam'd Majesty Imperiall,
In his Empire, alas, command's not All.

I have observed, if I may it say,
That which full many men would pass away.

Lawrell-crown'd Cæsar, and the potent French King;
With potent States are led within a ring
Of endless turmoils, and of lasting strife,
These are dependants on a Princes life.
Antiochus his words I verifie,
"That Kingly rule is noble slavery;
And if my Travels had as Sand's his been,
I could nought see but vanity and Sin,
With Spirits great vexation.—I lie,
Sometimes I finde a minutes jollitic.

The rousing French, and throat-hoarse Dutch I vow,
Are nothing like the language us'd with you,
Yours is right Cæsars right tongue, and I wish
I had fed longer upon that sweet dish;
Yet travell hath imboldned me, and I
Have piec'd my Latin with mine Industry;
So that I take no counsell from the Judge
To give him answers, if he doth not grudge
To ask me questions in the Latin tongue;
But 'tis not with us, as 'tis you among,
If we break Priscian's head, we then with laughter
Say 'tis chance-medley, and not dire man-slaughter.

Here I read all the world in Amsterdam,
People of Abra'm, and th'Tartarian Cham,
Hot-liver'd Spaniard, and the sprightly French,
Who dance best Anticks, and best court a wench,
The swarthy Portugall, and to be brief,

Of all of Babels languages the chief;
 Only I must make bold to make intrusion,
 There's order here, as there was wilde confusion;
 And here are some things too which are most vile,
 And some things which doe make my worship smile.
 A man may gnaw, walking i'th' Streets if 'ts clear,
 He sha'nt be Burgemaster the next year.
 They'r far from pride, for they call ev'ry man
 (Without Sir) by's name; or Tom, or Sam,
 With Uncle to't, or Father; and I've heard
 An old man call a child's Father; deterr'd
 I was to hear it, lest the good Old man
 Was out his Wits by some smart-gnawing pain.

And now they slay their Brethren; ev'ry Boor,
 And Shop-keeper hath one slain at his door;
 So that I thought the men were Butchers all;
 Yet Sattin-doublets scarce became the Stall.
 They're of opinion too, that th'Sabbath-day
 Was n't made to work, but for a worse thing, P'ay:
 Accordingly they ramble out the Town
 To give their Wives and Sweet-hearts a green-gown;
 And if a man says unto you *Avon*,
 He never meant the Cann should come to you;
 But playeth childrens play; and is it so
 said I? then mine out of my hands sha'nt go;
 And if there be a quarrel or a strife,
 Then it must be decided by the Knife.

But this Ile say, and this truth me affords,
 They are true hearts, the French-men but meer words;
 They have more good too, for they all employ
 That filthy idleness would else destroy.
 They shapc most Nations by their Industry,
 And with them is the truest Palmistry;
 For they can see what Fortunes men shall have,
 As he by's lab'rous hands doth gain or save;
 They make all Children Children, and the young'st
 Must share the greatest share the rest amongst;
 For th'oldest are brought up, and they do'nt if y
 What help Brethren doe give, no more doe I.

The French exceed in Complacency, and
 Men should in all things sometimes make a stand;
 They're superstitious too, and Pharisees;
 For in the streets to pray, they'll swarm like Bees
 In their Processions; and the Peasants
 To speak the truth are meer, meer, meer pedants;
 But th'Gentry are the mapps of Curtesie,
 Of and the deservers of Nobilitie.

Thus

Thus if I show not Learning, nor Fancy,
 Nor by all styled noble Industry,
 Nor prov'd affection, I think no less,
 But that you see a striving thankfullnesse

In your servant N. M.

*The Epitaph upon the right worshipfull Thomas
 Slany Mayor of Lyn.*

STay Passenger, and let thy trav'ling ey
 Read here lie's all the frail mortality
 Of a good Mayor, and prudent Captain,
 Industrious Merchant, who did scrue the main
 In such long voyages, that I prefer
 Him an imbetter'd, far-gone Traveller
 Here lies a Saint: I lye, for his sweet spirit
 Is gone to God where it shall ever inherit
 Incessant joyes; and in frail flesh all spy
 There can not be an intire sanctity,
 So that the Saint's in Heav'n: but behold here
 Doth lie a well-belov'd Commillioner
 Of ill-belov'd Excise, a true black Swan,
 And yet unsported, conscientious man.
 Here lies the man of approv'd moderation,
 Alas, we want such Pillars in our Nation!
 Here lies the true great Almner of the poor,
 And therefore cruell Death was their undoer,
 Ah! for that which he did, was but a part
 Of that which was resolved in his heart;
 But being now dissolv'd, oh receivers
 Of God, the poor are call'd, I fear deceivers
 Of expectation will promise such;
 But when they dy will not give halfe so much.

Anag. Proud Death hath slain this man although so deer,
 And in contempt of mortals nays him here.
 His knowledge came from Heaven, and thereto
 Did lend whan here he did intend to do.
 I doubt whether he gave, or else receiv'd
 More honour by his Gown with justice reav'd.
 He loved publick peace, although his stars
 Allotted him to live in home-bred warres.
 He was hated (although it seemeth rov'd;
 Because he could not be enough belov'd.
 To others good he was intent so much,
 That he seem'd to neglect himselfe, None such!

He overcame himselfe, and left to try
Whether he liv'd, or dy'd more piously?
He wrung tears from envy it self now flain,
And lives in mouths, and minds of men again.

*An Elegy on the death of Mr. William Barnard,
Son of John Barnard of Kingston upon Hull Esq;*

Vill Pens lie still when such a Subject is
Of our approachjng misery, though his Blifs?
Can Poets silent be when Prophets dye?
Or was his death without a mystery?
Oh, would there had been such a constant race
In some Arch-Bishops of their scantd Grace!

Amired seaventeen! that melts the ey
Of Englands Eye, the Vniversity.
Spirituall, and yet by Phlegme o're come,
Who when of God disputing, all were dumb!
Friends can't but grieve, that thou comming to Town,
Pass'd by their Houses, and did'st lay thee down
At thine old Inne the Star; thou mind'st thy way
So much that thou would'st not make any stay.

And like great Alexander, who did aver
Himselfe to be the Son of Jupiter,
And not of Philip; so thou seemd'st here,
To own Jehovah, leave thy Father deare.
Alas! I can not make Cities to mourne
With level'd walls in grieve excessive torne
By Alexander for his dear friends death
Nor in Panegyricks to spend my breath
As th' Ancients did; yet I will raise a Tomb
Shall last untill the last of dayes do come;
Shall live when Marble dies: These numbers here
Shall on Record in th' daies to come appeare.

Oh, this 'tis to be good! the rotten waies
Of some leud youths deserve not these our Baies.
Is there one more in th' Vniversity,
Nay in the universe so good as He?
England, thou want'st more Barnards; ——— oh, that I
Might live, and dye, oh God, so holily!

Ah, had'st thou liv'd, thy Life would have made Rules
For Graduats, and made the most bear Gules
Within their Faces for the obvious thame,
That would accoast them hearing of thy Fame.

Thou

Thou that amaz'd the Schoolmen, commonly
In most discourse preaching Divinity.

Throw down thy Quill, my Muse, and pray have don,
'Tis vain to put a Candle to the Sun.

An ACROSTICK.

W—It so refin'd, as th'purer Gold, so priz'd ;
I—ngenuous, that men Him Idoliz'd.
L—aw both Divine and Humane he much knew ;
L—earning beyond his Years (God knows) but few :
I—ngenious, and then apply't to merit :
I—miable, whose sweet Diviner spirit
D—ajesty great and comely did inherit. }

B—eauty of Holiness possess'd his heart ;
A—rts were in him (wonder!) beyond all Art :
R—ighteousness dwelt within his Soul. His Pen
(**A**—also-like) wonne the hearts of Learned men.
A—rms he bore against Vice : As forc'd with charms,
R—eading good Authors : Fit 'gainst Lusts alarms ;
D—oing (the best of Cures) and yet no harms. }

E P I T A P H.

Here lies grave Youth, Wisdom sublime,
Second devout S. BERNARD in his Time.
A Sophister, yet hating Sophistry ;
(If I should say his Spirit lies here, I ly)
Some Doctors Freshmen are compar'd with Him,
And their great Lights compar'd with His are dim.
If Scholars ask what his Degree was ; even
This young-old Saint commenc'd not here, but 'n Heav'n.
Such Sons, such Scholars, and such Saints as He,
Are not for Men but for the Deity :
And if thou'dst know (Reader) who here doth ly,
Here lies a Man to judg an Angel by.
One so prepar'd for Death : that (certainly)
Brave Soul, he only took one day to dye ;
Yet, Reader, thou maist still inquire whose Tombe
This is ; then thou shalt know at th'day of doome. } 17.
His years in number to these numbers come.

Elegij

Elegij-Epithalamion:

To his indeared Bro. in Law T. S. on the death of his
C H I L D.

Sweet babe, I do admire thy wiser course,
That to end pain had so timely recourse
Vnto the way of lasting happinesse
By Death who unto Heav'n the Usher is;
"For Life's a frost of cold felicity,
"And Death a thaw of all our misery;
Thou'rt freed from freezing winters, summers parchings,
Thirst, hunger, anger, sorrow, love, hate, things
Which make life miserable; now curst War,
And fearfull pestilence are from thee far :
Both mind, and Carkasse pihching poverty
Don't interrupt thy blest tranquility;
Vice-drawing Riches in thy station
Can not delude thee by tempration;
Inchanting beauty though never so brave
By all her sleights can thee not now enslave,
And now ear-tickling, and heart-swellling Fame
Can't make thee proud to get a glorious name.
Ambitious honour can't swell up thy mind
To leave the taunt of Treason vile behind.
Lust, Pride, nor Avarice, Sloth, Drunkennes,
Slander nor any thing can thee unblesse.
"Long use of life is as a lingring foe,
"And gentle Death the only end of woe;
And this in all mens eyes surely seem's plaine,
Life is but lost, where Death is counted gaine.
The longer life, the greater is our guilt,
Life must by life be paid, and so life's spilt.
Thou could'st not bear the burden of distress,
Therefore this life to thee were wretchednesse.
We first do bud, then bloom, then seed, last fall
So do our shaddows turn nothing at all.
Wherefore thy death no Elegy com's on;
But a joyfull Epithalamion;
Or if we be so foolish, as to weep,
Thou do'st thy joyings in the Heavens keep,
Which was created glorious, and which
Is delectable, beautifull, and rich;
For habitation comfortable; for
There the King Christ is, the Law love, th' Honour

Thus if I show not Learning, nor Fancy,
 Nor by all styled noble Industry,
 Nor prov'd affection, I think no less,
 But that you see a striving thankfullnesse

In your servant N. M.

*The Epitaph upon the right worshipfull Thomas
 Slany Mayor of Lyn.*

STay Passenger, and let thy trav'ling ey
 Read here lie's all the frail mortality
 Of a good Mayor, and prudent Captain,
 Industrious Merchant, who did scruce the main
 In such long voyages, that I prefer
 Him an imbetter'd, far-gone Traveller
 Here lies a Saint: I lye, for his sweet spirit
 Is gone to God where it shall ever inherit
 Incessant joyes; and in frail flesh all spy
 There can not be an intire sanctity,
 So that the Saint's in Heav'n: but behold here
 Doth lie a well-belov'd Commissioner
 Of ill-belov'd Excise, a true black Swan,
 And yet unspotted, conscientious man.
 Here lies the man of approv'd moderation,
 Alas, we want such Pillars in our Nation!
 Here lies the true great Almner of the poor,
 And therefore cruell Death was their undoer,
 Ah! for that which he did, was but a part
 Of that which was resolved in his heart;
 But being now dissolved, oh receivers
 Of God, the poor are call'd, I fear deceivers
 Of expectation will promise such;
 But when they dy will not give halfe so much.

Anag. Proud Death hath slain this man although so deer,
 And in contempt of mortals nayls him here.
 His knowledge came from Heaven, and thereto
 Did lend whan here he did intend to do.
 I doubt whether he gave, or else receiv'd
 More honour by his Gown with justice reav'd.
 He loved publick peace, although his stars
 Allotted him to live in home-bred warres.
 He was hated (although it seemeth rov'd;
 Because he could not be enough belov'd.
 To others good he was intent so much,
 That he seem'd to neglect himselfe, None such!

He overcame himselfe, and left to try
Whether he liv'd, or dy'd more piously?
He wrung tears from envy it self now slain,
And lives in mouths, and minds of men again.

*An Elegy on the death of Mr. William Barnard,
Son of John Barnard of Kingston upon Hull Esq;*

WILL Pens lie still when such a Subject is
Of our approaching misery, though his Bliss?
Can Poets silent be when Prophets dye?
Or was his death without a mystery?

Oh, would there had been such a constant race
In some Arch-Bishops of their scant'd Grace!

Amired seaventeen! that melts the ey
Of Englands Eye, the Vniversity.

Spirituall, and yet by Phlegme o're come,
Who when of God disputing, all were dumb!

Friends can't but grieve, that thou comming to Town,
Pass'd by their Houses, and did'st lay thee down
At thine old Inne the Star; thou mind'st thy way
So much that thou would'st not make any stay.

And like great Alexander, who did aver
Himselfe to be the Son of Jupiter,
And not of Philip; so thou seem'd'st here,
To own Jehovah, leave thy Father deare.
Alas! I can not make Cities to mourne
With level'd walls in grieve excessive torne
By Alexander for his dear friends death
Nor in Panegyricks to spend my breath
As th' Ancients did; yet I will raise a Tomb
Shall last untill the last of dayes do come;
Shall live when Marble dies: These numbers here
Shall on Record in th' daies to come appeare.

Oh, this 'tis to be good! the rotten waies
Of some leud youths deserve not these our Baies.

Is there one more in th' Vniversity,
Nay in the universe so good as He?
England, thou want'st more Barnards; ———— oh, that I
Might live, and dye, oh God, so holily!

Ah, had'st thou liv'd, thy Life would have made Rules
For Graduats, and made the most bear Gules
Within their Faces for the obvious thame,
That would accoast them hearing of thy Fame.

Thou

Thou that amaz'd the Schoolmen, commonly
 In most discourse preaching Divinity.
 Throw down thy Quill, my Muse, and pray have don,
 'Tis vain to put a Candle to the Sun.

An ACROSTICK.

W—It so refin'd, as th'purer Gold, so priz'd ;
I—ngenuous, that men Him Idoliz'd.
L—aw both Divine and Humane he much knew ;
L—earning beyond his Years (God knows) but few :
I—ngenious, and then apply't to merit :
M—miable, whose sweet Diviner spirit
M—ajesty great and comely did inherit. }

B—eauty of Holiness posselt his heart ;
A—rts were in him (wonder!) beyond all Art :
R—ighteousness dwelt within his Soul. His Pen
 (**R**—also-like) wonne the hearts of Learned men.
A—rms he bore against Vice : As forc'd with charms,
R—eading good Authors : Fit 'gainst Lusts alarms ;
D—oing (the best of Cures) and yet no harms. }

E P I T A P H.

Here lies grave Youth, Wisdom sublime,
 Second devout S. BERNARD in his Time.
 A Sophister, yet hating Sophistry ;
 (If I should say his Spirit lies here, I ly)
 Some Doctors Freshmen are compar'd with Him,
 And their great Lights compar'd with His are dim.
 If Scholars ask what his Degree was ; even
 This young-old Saint commenc'd not here, but 'n Heav'n.
 Such Sons, such Scholars, and such Saints as He,
 Are not for Men but for the Deity :
 And if thou'dst know (Reader) who here doth ly,
 Here lies a Man to judg an Angel by.
 One so prepar'd for Death : that (certainly)
 Brave Soul, he only took one day to dye ;
 Yet, Reader, thou maist still inquire whose Tombe
 This is ; then thou shalt know at th'day of doome. } 17.
 His years in number to these numbers come.

Elegy

Elegij-Epithalamion:

To his indeared Bro. in Law T. S. on the death of his

C H I L D.

Sweet babe, I do admire thy wiser course,
That to end pain had so timely recourse
Vnto the way of lasting happinesse
By Death who unto Heav'n the Usher is;
"For Life's a frost of cold felicity,
"And Death a thaw of all our misery;
Thou'rt freed from freezing winters, summers parchings,
Thirst, hunger, anger, sorrow, love, hate, things
Which make life miserable; now curst War,
And fearfull pestilence are from thee far :
Both mind, and Carkasse pihching poverty
Don't interrupt thy blest tranquility;
Vice-drawing Riches in thy station
Can not delude thee by temptation;
Inchanting beauty though never so brave
By all her sleights can thee not now enslave,
And now ear-tickling, and heart-swelling Fame
Can't make thee proud to get a glorious name.
Ambitious honour can't swell up thy mind
To leave the taunt of Treason vile behind.
Lust, Pride, nor Avarice, Sloth, Drunkennes,
Slander nor any thing can thee unblesse.
"Long use of life is as a lingring foe,
"And gentle Death the only end of woe;
And this in all mens eyes surely seem's plaine,
Life is but lost, where Death is counted gaine.
The longer life, the greater is our guilt,
Life must by life be paid, and so life's spilt.
Thou could'st not bear the burden of distress,
Therefore this life to thee were wretchednesse.
We first do bud, then bloom, then seed, last fall
So do our shaddows turn nothing at all.
Wherefore thy death no Elegy com's on;
But a joyfull Epithalamion;
Or if we be so foolish, as to weep,
Thou do'st thy joyings in the Heavens keep,
Which was created glorious, and which
Is delectable, beautifull, and rich;
For habitation comfortable; for
There the King Christ is, the Law love, th' Honour

Pure verity, the Peace felicity,
 The most sweet life, lasting Eternity.
 There's light without darkness ; mirth without sadness ;
 True health without flesh-consuming sickness ;
 Wealth without want ; credit without disgrace ;
 Beauty without blemish, (not on a face ;)
 Ease without labour ; riches without rust ;
 (Nothing that frets is there, nor dirt, nor dust)
 Beatitude 'thout misery God lends ;
 And consolation that never ends.

Now I am not content, but fast resolved,
 When God doth see his time, to be dissolved.

*Elegie on one HUNT a Groom, slain by his fellow-
 servant (being unarmed) upon some words, he having
 in haste (other servants being absent) carried his Ma-
 ster a bason of water, before Gentlemen, with his
 Doublet off.* To Sir R.S.

Grieve not, dear Sir; for what man e'r could vaunt,
 That he had never a rash, foolish Servant ?
 Or what man, though he were full wise and holy,
 But in his House sometimes hath hapned folly ?
 What was Amnon's unto his sister, oh !
 Why then doe you torment your Spirit so ?

I should have thought (his doublet off) he might
 Before have thought upon this simple fight :
 But then we should have found him better armed,
 And then the Knave had not the fool so harmed.

Thou Varlet, Coward, Irchin, Mans-shame, weasell,
 Couldest thou armed, fight one arm'd with Heasell ?
 Oh unheard of pusillanimity !

And, oh, unparalleld simplicity !

Where were the noble Spirits, and the hands,
 That us'd to combate it on Callis sands ?
 They us'd to change their weapons, and to see,
 Most nobly, that their lengths did'nt disagree ;
 Or have their Seconds, or their Surgions
 To search them, and their arms : but out upon's !
 That e'r blood ran in veins so base, ignoble,
 Or that a Sword was drawn by such a bable !

And, oh, thou Coxcomb Groom, that wer't fore-warned
 By his Duel-like words, and not fore-armed !
 For, if thou hadst had with thee temper'd steel,
 You both might have been heard, and yet not feel---

Each

Each others blows, and (now) that fatall day
Might happy been, in parting of the fray.

Good God ? what thing is man, that breaks thy laws
For matters of poor flyes, or meaner straws ?
Such Cainabals sure are incorrigible ;
For thou forbad'st it e'r since Cain kil'd Abel.
Thou wretched Dueller, now that good Tree,
(That wonted was) cannot (now) shelter Thee:
For (now) it not only can't shelter Thee,
But pours received water (now) upon Thee !
Wherefore we see, to perpetrate a Duell,
Before both God and Man is to doe-ill.

EPI T A P H.

Here lies one, whom Death did HUNT
From the womb-unto the Font;
Watching him at advantages,
With naked sword he at him flies :
And be'ng a WALKER he out-ran,
And wounded mortally this Man.
I thought the Groom had not been able
T'have shunn'd the danger of the Stable
By furious Horfes : But, alafs,
Those scap'd ; he was slain by an As !

An Elegie upon the Death of my Daughter Amy.

I Am not as that Emperor, who did
The nuntios of the death of 's Son forbid
To be made known by's Spouse, or by his Servant ;
And therefore she by fable weeds did plant
That knowledg in his troubled head. Nor as
The King † that (but suspecting his childe, was
Destroy'd) seeing the Ships blacker, come as
By shadow of the Sun, or age, alafs !
Did from a rock, his Son then sayling by,
Add to his Triumph, a sad Tragedy.

† *Egmont*

Nor as one of our * Kings; whose passion
For his lost Lady, made him so far gon
In a kind of wilde frenzy, for to raze,
And make a Chaos and confused Maze
O'th' House where Death her strook : yet I can grieve,
(Dear Babe) that God didn't give thee a reprieve
For some few years, sith I am confident
My sins thee from this Earth away have rent.

* *R. 2.*

Ah ! how I sigh that Beautie's rivall is
 Converted to the poor impurer ashes !
 That Globe-like face, those twinkling starrs thine eyes,
 That Angel's face, that front that did arise
 Like Heavens milky way, those purer hands
 That would have bound Gallants in am'rous bands,
 If thou had'st liv'd; that æquall symetry
 That made men judge thee pure Divinity,
 " And truly I do think of worse and lesse,
 The Heathen's made them Gods, and Godeffes.
 Who ever saw such matron looks ? such smiles ?
 Such speaking actions ? woman-childish wiles
 To make her selfe disport ? but oh ! I make
 My selfe new griefe, and make my heart re-ake !
 In meditating of thy change so fast
 By a Consumption that thou seem'd to fast,
 Whose body was so light it might have gone
 To Heaven without a resurrection.

So frail a thing is flesh ! so have I seen
 The Princely Rose, the fragrant flowers Queen
 Hon'ring a Garden one day, and the next
 Look pale like one with anger much perplex'd.
 Ah ! here I see seeming Angelick beauty;
 A watry buble, vanity, a ly !

I think't not meet to tear the Earth's moyst womb
 To make thee a too large half Acre Tomb,
 Nor am I able, nor as Hatton's is
 Above the House a mounting Pyramis.
 What profit's thee a sheet of Lead ? what good
 If on thy Course a Marble quarry stood ?
 Long, and large Epitaphs what good have they ?
 They're but accounted meer Tautology.
 And Epitaph's (I think) upon the dead
 Are better farre not written then not read.

The EPITAPH.

Here lie's wife and beauteous dust,
 Ah, for mortality hath rust !
 Beauteous, if Ingredients be
 The ruddy-Rose and white Lilly.
 Wile to dye, sith Life was pain,
 And Death in Christ, not losse but gain.
 Lastly a myst'ry was adoining,
 In nine moneths comming, nine moneths going,
 And as nine Muses verses showing.

*Elegie by the Author unto his yoaƿ-fellow from
beyond the Seas.*

I Know thou can not choofe but laugh to fee,
That I again in verſe do now court Thee:
When you ſhould court with due obedience
They ſay, poor men! that of it's want of ſenſe,
However men don't uſe a ſiege to lay
Vnto that Town that give's them peacefull way:
But I from Amiana now apart
Muſt ſtay; yet Heav'n doth know ſhee ha's my heart.
Oh! ſee our Heavenly Father now will have
That unreſt that thy earthly once us gave,
We muſt not for a time enjoy each other,
Which makes me think on that which you do ſmother
In dark oblivion. The pleaſant Nights!
That you, and I performed Lovers rights
In giving each the other's ſoul, and yet
Thou never foundſt me luſtfull Marmorit,
Nor I thee Helen; for I dare proteſt
Our purer loves could well indure the teſt
Of continency, and of conſtancy;
For frowning Friends could never make us lie.
And Heavens beſt know thou might'ſt Adonis be
For any knowledg that I had of Thee,
Or an Hermophrodite, and thou I know
Diddeſt not know if I were man, or no,
Or a virago Metamorphized,
Which would betray lawfull pleaſures in bed.
Well thou the load-ſtone; I the Iron was,
Thou loved'ſt me, and I no Debtor was.
What harm did we by out immortal love?
We taught falſe lovers fraud for to remove.
“What Merchant's ſhips have our ſwelling ſighs drown'd?
“Who ſay's our teares have over-flow'd his ground?
Methink's this ſhould be comfort to you now,
He that you truſted did hold truth with you.
Indeed it griev'd me that the babe ſhould be
So ſick, as when I parted laſt from thee,
A babe ſo like us both, that they do ſay
She is her Father's picture, then ſay they
She is not ſo, ſhe's like her mother; troth
ſay'th the wiſeſt, I think ſhe's like them both,

And thou say'st (pars pro toto) if she dy,
 Then thou poor soul within her grave must ly.
 But prythee think of Abram's faith, and trust ;
 For Abram's faith, entit'led Abram just :
 When God had bid him sacrifice his Son,
 His only Son, and he would have it done ;
 But God prepar'd a Lamb, since he had try'd
 That Abram's outward shew had not bely'd
 His heart ; wherefore trust in him, and thou'lt see,
 His Providence upon both her and mee.

The INN.

IF I be (Gentlemen) in my will crost,
 And cannot wait on you, pray read your Host,
 Whose Muse (such as it is) presum'd herein,
 To speak somewhat of him, Servants and Inn ;
 And though I soar not, sorry I should be,
 Sith here's no wit, if not some industry ;
 And I doe this intreat, and only so,
 Read it if ye have nothing else to doe ;
 For ye know well by LAW it is in USE,
 And therefore GOOD, not BAD (if no abuse.)

LAWFULL Sith in the sacred Word we see
 To Wayfarers such place appointed bee ;
 And who with it a cavil dare beginn,
 Sith God the Word hath taken up his Inn ?
 Then use it well, and not use ill your selves ;
 For that is it which makes your Ships but shelves.
 Best things abused we know are made bad,
 Wine made to make the heavie, sad heart glad,
 If too much taken causeth Drunkenness,
 And Gluttony proceeds from meats excess.
 Meet vestures doted on, all men deride,
 And beasts old cloaths ill-us'd, are turn'd to Pride :
 But this infers not that we use no wine,
 Or that we should not breakfast, sup, or dine,
 Or that because fine Clothes make fond fools proud,
 We should use Heav'n's tapestry, a Cloud,
 And nothing else to cover us. Oh no !
 For you may safely herein further go :
 But use it lawfully, and there's no flaw ;
 For 'tis allowed by the Common-Law.
 Only he that intends to keep an Inn,
 Must pray to God to keep out entring Sin.

USE-

VSEFVL

if Merchants bargain, or if they
 Are gath'ring up their Bargains fruits onth' way,
 And there on equal termes two parties meet,
 (That cannot friendly see each in the Street)
 And have their bus'ness arbitrated; since
 Each man in's House hath a preheminence.

It tels us that we are but Travailers,
 And that our Journey tends unto the Stars.
 And that we have not an abiding home,
 Untill we doe unto Olympus come.

Far Travailers can tell ye th'benefit
 Of a good Inn, and giv't that Epethite:
 Nay, I am not the first that did begin
 To say, nothing's more useful then an Inn
 When fiery Sol doth parch the moistning humor,
 When to quench thirst, the Trav'ler is a fumer,
 When tedious way hath toyld the new-come guest,
 He finding welcom, how sweet is his rest!
 When SANDS in's Travails in wilde sands had been,
 How welcome then was his oft-wished Inn!
 And ye are here as welcom, if ye please.
 Or e'r you were in all your passed dayes.

But to proceed, useful was that Hostess;
 (At first as they say) but of Holiness;
 And honour a sweet Lady HELENA,
 Who was the truly-beauteous Cœlia,
 Not ignorant of the Wayfarer's curer;
 Good Hostess; for Physitian n'er was surer.
 Good Hostess, that would be a Stable-keeper,
 So in her heart of Christ shee might be keeper.
 Thus ye see Holiness came from an Inn,
 And a brave Noble-man (ye know) was seen
 To love and court the Daughter of an Host
 With honour too, and thought his love not lost;
 For worth is found in them by worthies oft,
 Although for bad ones, good ones oft are lost;
 Nay, rev'rend DOD said once he had been lost,
 If great Jehovah had not been his Host.
 Who's that that calls me, would you have me fly?
 The other two you shall have by and by.

NOT BAD, for here your Host sha'nt draw you on
 To lose your time by base delusion,
 Your Hostess neither shew her self so wild,
 As of her honesty to be beguil'd.
 The Drawer shall not with-draw what is due
 In measure in the half pints that ensue.

The

The Tapster neither by his fraud, nor sloth
 Shall dare to bum your Jugg with cheating froth.
 The Maid shalnt shew with a lascivious Art
 That leachery doth harbour in her heart.
 And the Hostler shall be no Oat-stealer:
 But to your speechles horses a just dealer.
 What servant have I that dare others prompt,
 Or doe't himselfe to add to your Accompt?
 And for my selfe, and second take my word,
 Our consciences will not such Acts afford.
 Only as ye are dealt by; so I pray,
 For what ye call, and have ye'll please to pay.

BUT GOOD. For Sabbath-dayes shan't be prophand,
 Although the wider world thereby be
 And cursing, swearing, and such God-les deeds, (gain'd)
 I doe desire to pluck up, as bad weeds.

But if you lodge, or bargain, or be merry,
 You having Beer, tobacco, and my Sherry,
 Canary, Malligo, French-wine, or what
 My House afford's, if ye accept but that
 In civill waies; for oh! Il'd not begin
 To answer for another man's gross sin!
 And gray-coat, bare-coat shall have due respect,
 Only thereby no Gentlemen neglect.

Whereby I hope our starre terrestriall
 Shal prove it selfe truly cœlestiall,
 And (Gentlemen) at your peculiar cost,
 Ye're wellcome kindly to your younger Host:

And since his Inn's so good, oh be so good!
 As not to drown your Host within a flood
 Of wild and mercilesse strong Beer, and Wine;
 For if ye do, the fault will not be mine,
 If servants serve you badly, for my eye
 Make's guests all times served observantly,
 Nay, if ye force your Host to be a Cupper,
 Your Hostels abient, ye may lose your supper:

Lastly I have adventur'd oft by Sea;
 But fear 'tis greater now to use this Plea;
 For some men have such uncontroled spirits,
 That at my words they'll rave like Bedlamites.

Thus your Host show's in his Poetick mood
 His Inn Lawfull, Usefull, not Bad but good.

The end of the Morall Poems.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

TRIN.



TRIN-UNI
DEO,
SACRUM:



In nomine Sacro
Sanctæ & individuæ Trinitatis,
A M E N.



Long-suffering.

THe Hawk preys on the trembling Partridge, and
 Chickens doe feel the Kites harsh hand,
 The smaller fresh-fish that doe haunt the Dike,
 Are justly fearful of the Pike.
 The Fish at Sea, that have not strength their Bulwark,
 Doe tremble much for fear o'th' Shark.
 The stronger beasts the weaker e'r did rule,
 The surly Lion bangs the Mule.
 Great Princes castigate (oft-times) the less,
 The strong man beats the weak t' excess.
 But, O my God, I skill not these thy wayes!
 Thou dost deserve our bounden praise!
 Thou that to Atoms couldst the world convert,
 In a short time, as thou in making wer't.
 Thou that couldst take the breath out of the Nostrill,
 Which we, O God, doe daily feel;
 Who art displeased with our bainous sin,
 Thy mercies, Lord, dost not hold in. —
 Is this th'manner of men, oh my Lord God!
 What man forgives with power shod?
 And can it be my God doth still forgive!
 I will leave sin then, if I live.

S H I P W R A C K,

O R,

*An Elegie on the Drowning of John Olly, and his
 whole Company at Sea, by the overwhelming
 of his Ship, &c.*

I Can't dispute what was the cause the Ship
 Wrestling with Ocean should receive this trip.
 I know the Northern Seas are dangerous,
 Men say the Master was too covetous;
 But I see many doe arrive their Port,
 And judg the other barely a report.
 Some think the Ship was ill-conditioned;
 And from the Sea did turn her crazy head,

Oh God, thou knowst the cause, and only thou
 Who lettest some pass in, and some pass through—
 The surly waves. Oh that we here beneath
 Could think we were within an inch of death,
 When in a Ship ! But the contagion
 To those us'd to't, is never thought upon.
 Perhaps, O God, some in the Ship might think
 Their drink their God; therefore thou gav'st them drink.
 Perhaps, some thought their goods their God, O brave !
 And therefore thou saidst, Let your Gods ye save,
 Whom ye adore ; and without question
 This thing was given us to look upon
 With more then common eyes; of good'tis full,
 It shews thee Just and also Mercifull.
 Just, for thou art just in all these thy ways,
 And for thy Mercy, Lord, we must thee praise.
 What ? but one moment thinking the Ship safe,
 And in another, post the help o'th' weal !
 Merchant and Master might think on Lynn-Haven
 But now : now taking of a voyage to Heaven.
 Oh thou, my soul, take thou a great remorse
 On those that trust (vain trust) in Ships of force.
 Her Ordnance that sometime doe stand in steed,
 Now in the Storm might doe the fatall deed.
 Oh the sad shriek of the poor Company,
 That now, now, now must dye so miserably !
 How did Death sit within their looks ? was there
 Time to make their Repentance true, sincere ?
 Was there none swearing in that dang'rous Storm ?
 Or did the fear of Death them all transform ?
 Yet, Lord, thy wayes of Providence we hallow ;
 For thou sometimes receiv'st souls from the gallow ;
 And these might have, as large warning i'th' Storm ;
 Alike the Deluge gen'rall Microcosm ;
 The waters came on them e'r they aware were,
 So did thy hand, oh Lord ! finde them out here ;
 And I fear, Lord, that thou hast spared us,
 Who are for guilt as meritorious.

P A I N.

When Pain oppresses me, and my heart heaves,
 O Lord, thrash out some Corn out of these sheaves.
 When I shriek out, oh God !
 Scourg'd with thy sharper Rod,
 Let t'be for Sin,
 I sigh within !

When

When my Pain makes me sigh, O good Lord, oh!
 Oh then let Grace in my heart further goe,
 And work some greater good,
 To think upon thy blood,
 Which for me bled,
 For me was shed.

When thou afflictest me with thine own hand,
 Who millions to serve thee canst command,
 My Sins themselves present,
 Oh then incontinent,
 Then let my spirit
 Apply thy merit.

When I am weak'ned, and am overcome;
 Yet let me not in praises e'r be dumbe,
 For my sweet Saviour
 Indur'd a worser show'r;
 For me he cry'd,
 For me he dy'd.

Therefore in Pain let me not think amiss;
 For all my Pains are not like one of his.

Content.

I Smile to hear my friends ask why I keep
 A TAVERN, and thereby to break my sleep.
 Epaminondas was a Generall,
 After a private Captain; yet no fall
 Did he account it: And doe I not well,
 To keep an Inn, think it an Hermit's Cell?
 S. Paul's resolve I can't but well resent,
 I've learn'd in each estate to be content;
 And my Ambition is to keep a TAVERN,
 To know how well I such a place can govern.
 In patience to possess my soul, I crave;
 And what I ask in faith, Lord, I shall have.
 I am a Merchant still; yet doe not start
 From selling French, and Spanish Wine by th' Quart,
 Of Zeno I have read in purples dealing,
 Impoverish'd upon the salt-seas failing;
 Yet saying this, although his 'state half crack'd,
 I say'd best when as I was shipwrack'd.
 Brave was his resolution, who did lie
 His two last years torn by the Strangury.

Had liv'd his middle age most prosp'rously,
 Who in the midst of torments thus could say ;
 Oh my Lord God, how gracious hast thou been !
 Forty eight years of health, but two of pain:
 Blest be thy name for th'mercy in forbearing,
 And for thy Justice, Lord, in me afflicting.

I can't but scorn and pity great Augustus,
 Who so betrayed humane frailty thus ;
 After th'defeat of some choice Troops, he fals,
 And frantick-like knocks his head 'gainst the wals,
 Uttering unmanlike Exclamations,
 Varus restore me my lost Legions !
 When we are miserable, oh our tempers !
 Then we doe adde unto it by distempers.

I see the Indian now Husbanding
 One Tree, and t'all his household uses bring,
 Timber, Thatch, Meat, Oil, Honey, Medicine,
 Sauce, Drink, Utensils, Ships, Cables, Sails, Wine ;
 And tell me, pray you, what is it that frets
 The pleasant spirit of Anachorets ?
 Says the Apostle, having food and rayment,
 Oh let us learn to be therewith content !

No murmuring for guilty subornations ;
 For here's no cause in these our meaner stations.
 No checks for secret, vile contrivances
 Of publick, high-handed great villanies.
 Great men in Great bottoms sayl in the deep,
 Poor men in Barks still near the shore doe creep ;
 And I have seen the small one gain the Creek,
 When th'great one, (God thou knowst) was oft to seek !
 I am not troubled here with Titius vulture ;
 Though my Estate is small, my state is sure.
 Here (Æthiopian-like) with my door open
 I sleep, while people doe both goe and come.
 What Lucius wrote, I doe affirm no less,
 That one houres mischief drowns the great'st excess.

My Case was worse, when I was in restraint ;
 And yet that hath been th'case of many a Saint.
 My Case was worse, when vulture-Poverty
 Did gnaw my minde, and I no meat could come by.
 I wi'nt repine, because my misery
 Is laid upon me, Lord, so fav'rably ;
 And I will be content upon this ground,
 I shall not want, if 'ts better to abound :
 Nay, I doe beg, O Lord, (with holy fear)
 Not to be so curs'd, to be happy here.

With

With David, Lord, I doe desire to sing,
The Lord my Shephard is, I lack no thing.
En hour content se dis.

The Opinion, sent to Sir R.S.

MY firm Opinion, dear Sir, is this,
And God inform me, (if I be amiss!)
Or shall I boldly speak with leave, and fear not.
What fond Religion my Tenents are not.
Kinde Familists, or wider Libertines,
Erasians, Anti-trinitarians,
Cross Anabaptists, bold Arminians,
Conceited, fond Manifestarians;
Fierce Millenaries, Antinomians,
Socinians, condemned Arians,
Cursed, abhorred Anti-scripturists,
Giddy Brownists, conceited Perfectists,
Mortalians, Enthusiasts so strange,
And Seekers through forbidden things that range,
And such like, I detest, do n't understand,
Only beleeving what my God command;
Fear God, and love my Neighbor, Christian love,
Is the true badg of our Master above:
Yet from them we may learn; for from a Turk,
A thing I read of makes my bowels work;
An Englishman in his unwiser rage
Did strike a Turk his guide; yet on the stage
Ne'r came his passion: for's villany
Shall I neglect my duty? no saith he;
Nor I neglect to own my prov'd Religion,
Although I doe incur the Sects derision;
On truth of Scriptures are my tenents groundd,
Which would make Atheists Christians, if well soundd.

1. Had it not been the Word of God alone,
The falshood had detected been, and shown.

2. And for the Penmen of the Scripture, see!
They set not forth their own nobility,
Glory, or Vertue, but with one consent,
Declar'd the will of him that had them sent:
Yea, faults di' graceful to themselves, and those
Their issues they did true-free-ly disclose;
A proof that nat'rall Reason did not boast;
But meerly guided by the holy Ghost.

Thirdly,

3. Thirdly, the stile is writ plain, and simply ;
Yet full of purer grace, and majesty ;
For it doth curb the proud, exalt the meek,
And offer Christ to those that do him seek.

4. The Scripture is an history so old,
Four thousand years before Christs birth was told,
Old Authours do accord with Scripture so,
As that part which in History doth go,
And miracles confirm it, The Sun stands,
The dead are rais'd, and nothing it withstands.

5. The record of the spirit which who resents,
Is argument against all arguments,
And because likely you may it resent,
I've plac'd * quotations that are pertinent ;
But if y' expect me t' answer all objections,
I don't intend to make such larger sections ;
Yet since the Scripture is God's written Word,
I choose that true Religion it afford.

* Joh. 7. 17
one way,
and Matt.
7. 7, 8.
Luk. 11. 13
and James
1. 7.

I would improve the duty in the Law,
And Gospel-promise both imbrace, and aw,
The one a spur for holiness to fit ;
Th' other to unbelief a curb, or bit.
Out of the sense of my necessity,
In highest manner grace to magnifie ;
Yet to avoid wilde Antinomianism,
And on the other side t' avoid the Schism
Of Pharisaical Po'ry ; neverth'less
Mortification, and holiness,
To doth both punctually, and exact,
And indeed here's the right sense, and the act.

{ Working salvation with fear and trembling,
As if there were no grace to justifie,
And yet so firmly resting and believing,
As if no good thing had been done us by.

}

Sim. As these our bodies live by earthly food,
So true Religion doth our souls most good.
As Earth is softened by Iron us'd with art,
So doth Religion temper th' hardest heart :
Yet as sore eyes can't gaze against the Sun,
So wicked mindes brook not Religion.
As Med'cines makes sick bodies whole and sound,
So doth Religion wash out Errours wound.
Like as a torch us in the dark directs,
So doth Religion guide from wand'ring Sects.
As want of food the body sterve, and scant,
So pines the the Soul through pure Religions want.

Brennus

Examp. Brennus for wronging of Religion
 Was smitten with a thunder bolt from Heav'n.
 The chiefest Oath th' Athenians had was this,
Pugnabo pro sacris, & cum aliis, & solus,
 Pherecydes Religion nick-nam'd;
 For which he was by worms alive consum'd.

Methinks I hear you ask what Regiment
 I vote within the Church, sith detriment
 Came by the Bishops lordings. Then I say,
 Bishops that do both watch their flock, and pray;
 It was the Judgement of that learned King,
 Which I here quote, sith he did Scripture bring
 To prove his Teneer. Only this indent,
 Civill affaires out of his element,
 As it was say'd of Andrews, and a Church
 Kept in his house. I hope none lie at lurch,
 Here need's n' Oedipus. Then for the rule of state
 If God shall please! that way that was of late,
 But howsoe'r, (as the Shepheard sai'd o'th Weather,)
 I this my strange, yet good opinion gather,
 That there shall be such times, as I please, see!
 Such as please God shall pleasing be to me.
 This is m'opinion (dear Sir) and why
 Should I be guilty of a needles ly?
 For Herbert saith, nothing doth need a lye,
 A fault that want's it most, grow's worse thereby;
 Then (Sir) sith you do know my'pinion weak,
 If I re-visit you, vouchsafe to speak.
 But pray do not so grossly me mistake,
 As to think all was Gospell that I spake,
 For as Basil gravil'd Eunomius
 The Heretick (pretending boldly thus,
 That he knew God's divinity, apart)
 With one, and twenty questions of an Art;
 So you may me in twenty questions more,
 And you may well judge me foolish therefore,
 But I take liberty of Conscience
 Here to declare of truth the naked sence,
 And am grown proud, sith you do not refuse
 To honour with acceptance the dul muse, of sir your servant

N. M.

Lords D A T.

THis holy day,
 (Which Heav'n display,)
 I do adore,

Five

Five thousand years,
(Free from all fears)

Sabbath's name bore.

Now sixteen hundred,
('Tis to be wondred)

Called ~~Lords-day~~.

By't to serve thee,
'Twas made we see,

Not for to play.

Each seaventh thought,
Should thee be brought,
For they're thy due;

But thy seventh day,
Half's cast away;
Oh 'tis too true!

Yet I'll thee seek,
(Who art so meek)
Of th' week each day;

For thy mercies,
Justice likewise,
I'll ~~make~~ *make* of may.

T H E S I N N E R.

The Argument.

Artful Joab doth besiege warlick Rabbah,
David doe's adultery with Bathsheba,
Send's for Uriah for to cover it,
But he'd not home, nor drunk, nor sober yet;
He carrieth Joab th' letter of his death,
Joab the news to David then sendeth,
And David Bathsheba now marryeth.

S E C T.

IT came to passe after the year expir'd
The time that Kings go forth to battle 'tir'd
In Warre-presaging steel; David commands
His Gen'ral Joab with his warlike hands

Extracted

Extracted out all Israel, and they stroyed,
 The Ammonitish children, Rabbah besieged ;
 But David at Jerus'lem tarried,
 And 't came to pass in a cool ev'ning tide,
 That David rose from off his bed, and walked
 Upon the roof of the Kings house, thus talked
 His eyes unto his lust, that bathing woman
 Ir very beautifull to look upon ;
 And he sent, and inquired of the woman ;
 Is't not Bathsheba, daughter of Elan
 Saith one, wife of Uriah the Hittite ?
 And David sent, and took her for a night,
 And she came in to him, and he lay with her ;
 (For her uncleanness was taken from off her ;)
 And she returned to her house, conceived ;
 And sent, and told, I am with childe by David,
 And David sent to Joab, send Uriah.
 And Joab sent to David wrong'd Uriah,
 David demands of him how Joab did,
 How th' people, and how the War prospered ?
 And bid him go to 's house, and wash his feet,
 And after him he sent a mess of meat ;
 But Uriah slept at th' Kings house door,
 Not going to his own ; but chose the floor,
 And when they David told of it, he said,
 Cam'st thou not from th' journey? why hast not laid
 At thine own house ? And Uriah reply'd
 Th' Ark, Israel, Judah in tents abide,
 And my Lord Joab, and his servants all,
 (And am I better than my General ?)
 In open field incamped are, shall I
 Then to my house to eat, drink, and to lie
 By my Wife's side ? as thou livest, O King,
 And as thy soul, I will not do this thing.
 And David said, tarry here this day, and th' morrow.
 And thou shalt go ; so he stay'd there with sorrow,
 And when David had called him, he drank,
 And ate before him, and he made him drunk ;
 And at Even, according to his use,
 He lay with' servants, went not to his house.
 And 't came to pass ith' morning, that David
 A letter by Uriah poor had writ,
 Unto Joab, saying ith' main battel.
 Appoint Uriah, and retreat untill
 He smitten is, and die ; and Joab did
 Accordingly (in which he much mis-did.)

And

And by a messenger he certifi'd
 How good Uriah valiantly dy'd,
 And when his wife had heard that he was dead,
 For him, (as she had cause) she then mourned,
 And when that Tempus luctus was ore-past,
 David sent, and fet her to 's house in haste,
 And the his scarcely lawfull wife became,
 And bare by him, and unto him a son ;
 But this thing of David's hot lustfull love
 Displeased God, that sits, and sees above.

MEDITATION.

Nothing can shew David like as himself ;
 His Poësie 's a ship, ours but a shelf.
 Whose sin forgiven is, is most blessed,
 And blessed he, whose sin is covered.
 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord
 Imputeth not iniquity ; O God !
 And in whose spirit there is no guile. When I
 Kept silence my bones waxed old, and dry,
 Through my roaring all the day long, alas !
 For day, night, thy hand on me heavy was :
 My moisture unto Summers drought is turned :
 My sin unto thee I acknowledged,
 And mine iniquity I have not hid :
 I said, t' confess my sins I will begin,
 And thou forgavest the guilt of my sin.
 Thus David could in former time confess,
 And beg for pardon for his wickedness ;
 But he that was foretime Gods Champion brave,
 Left but unto himself is now a slave
 Unto his lust, his lust, his lust, his lust,
 For which most bitter waters taste he must.
 Here may we learn occasion to fly
 That foul-confounding, foul iniquity.
 Here may we see the tricks we have to sin,
 And how our selves we do beleaguer in,
 To hug our Cockatriceal lusts, which will
 With their infectious breaths our poor souls kill.
 I am with childe to meditate of all
 The accidents in this our David's fall ;
 Sampson by beauty was surprized, and
 Who have obeyed not Beauty's command ?
 Victorious Hercules, mighty, and sweet,
 Laid down his courage at fair Beauty's feet ;

The Lybian lions (they say) lose their might,
 If on a Beauty once they set their sight.
 Zeno the prince of Stoicks did agree
 That Beauty's like could very hardly be :
 But grant that Nature Beauty thus gave place ;
 How cam't that Beauty conquer'd David's Grace ?
 If Flesh submitted unto Beauty's lure,
 Oh ! how could Spirit servitude endure !
 Oh ! then, my soul, learn thou here to repent,
 And God-displeasing sins be sure relent
 At thy first sinning : and, Oh God above,
 Guide my soul ~~always by that holy Dove ;~~
 And let thy deputy within my soul,
 Great Conscience, my smallest sins controul :
 And let me weep, and meditate, and weep,
 And pray thee that from such sins thou me keep.

Had David been in Joab's place, no doubt
 His lazie lust had then receiv'd a rout :
 Had Grace in Joab Gen'ral been, I say,
 He'd not so priz'd that darling of one day,
 That bubble Honour, and had not made guilty
 His King with murtherous adultery.
 Good David fallen into such a sin !
 Thus do we see that dangerous Beauty's gin,
 Eve's whining voice lost Adam's paradise,
 And Bathsheba's fair looks caus'd David's vice.
 Justly lamented David, now I see
 The power of soothing Prosperity :
 We heard not of thy causing Drunkenness,
 When God thee with Adversity did bless.
 Nothing but sing and weep, and weep and sing,
 God's Word unto our listning ears did bring.
 Obedient Son, good Shepherd, loving Father,
 Careful Servant, stout Captain ; (yet not smother
 God's praises to augment thine own :) Musick
 Came from thy skilful hand to the brain-sick ;
 In all thine Offices renouncing man
 More then the fasly-styl'd Capuchian.

By this I know the Scripture to be right,
 Sith David here confess'd in the world's sight,
 A sin to him disgraceful : he did write,
 But th'holy Ghost unto him did indite.

We must make haste that David may repent ;
 In which sure none will think the time mis-spent.

The REPENTANT.

The Argument.

Nathan's quaint parable of the Ewe-lamb
 makes David judge himself to be in blame.
 David by Nathan's words being reproved,
 confesseth his sin, and is pardoned.
 David mourns and prays for the childe in breath;
 Solomon's born; and nam'd Jedidiah.
 David taketh Rabbah, (Uriah's death)
 and the people thereof he tortureth.

S E C T.

ANd the Lord sent Nathan unto David laid
 Sleeping in sin, and unto him he said;
 There were two men in one City : pure need
 Opprest the one, the other did exceed
 In flocks and herds ; but the poor man had nought
 Save onely one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought
 And nourished, and it grew up together
 With him and with his children ; and the weather
 Did scarce afflict it ; of his meat it fed,
 And drank of his own cup ; in's bosome-bed
 It lay, and was unto him as a daughter :
 And the rich man put it unto the slaughter,
 Having a traveller coming to's boord,
 And of his coin to take could not afford,
 Of his own flock or herd to dress ; yet can
 Take th' poor man's lamb for that way-faring man,
 And dressed it. And David's anger was
 Greatly kindled against the man : alas !
 He thought not of himself ; for then surely
 He'd not have said, The man shall surely die
 That did this thing, and had no pitie. Then
 Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.
 Thus saith the God of Israel, I, I
 Anointed thee King with a hand most high ;
 And out of Saul's hand did deliver thee ;
 Thy master's house eke I did give to thee :
 Thy master's wives into thy bosome fell ;
 I gave thee Judah, and mine Israel.
 And if these were too little in thine eye,
 I would have giv'n thee greater dignity, &c.

2 Sam.

12.

Where-

Wherefore hast thou despis'd God's great command
 To do evil in his sight with a hand
 So high ? thou hast killed Uriah poor
 With sword, and made the Hittite's Wife a whore,
 And taken his Wife to be thy Wife,
 And by Ammon hast taken away his life.
 Now therefore the sword shall never depart
 Thine house, since thou, despis'd me in heart,
 And ta'en Uriahs Wife to be thy Wife,
 Thus saith the Lord, behold, I will make strife,
 And evil against thee out of thine house,
 And I will take thy wife before thine eyes,
 And give thy neighbour them, and he shall lie
 In the sight of the Sun thy choice Wives by :
 For thou didst secretly ; but I will do
 This thing 'fore Israel, and the Suns sight too :
 And David said unto Nathan, I have
 Sinned, I have sinned, sinned I have.
 And Nathan said to David certainly,
 Thy sin is put away, thou shalt not die,
 Howbeit because thou hast by this deed given
 Occasion that the great God of heaven
 Men speak of may blasphemously,
 The childe born unto thee shall surely die.
 And Nathan went unto his house and th' Lor d
 Stroke Davids childe by Uriahs wife with's rod,
 And it was very sick, David therefore
 Besought God for the childe, and did implore
 The Almighty by fasting, and he went in,
 And lay all night upon the earth for 's sin.
 And th' Elders of his house arose and would
 Him raised have from off the earth's cold mould ;
 But he would not, neither did he eat bread :
 And on the seventh day the childe was dead,
 And Davids servants fear'd to tell him so.
 For they said, when the childe was alive, lo,
 We spake unto him, and he would not hear ;
 How will he vex, if this arive his ear ?
 But when David saw that the servants whispered,
 David perceived that the childe was dead.
 David said to 's servants, Is the childe dead ?
 And they said tremblingly, the childe is dead :
 Then David rose from off the earth and washed,
 'Nointed himself, and his apparel changed,
 And came to the Lords house and worshipped.
 Then he came to his own, and he required

Them to set bread before him, and he eat,
 Then said his servants unto him hereat,
 We wonder thou didst fast and weep for th' childe
 Alive, but dead thy sorrow is exil'd;
 And he said, while the childe was yet alive
 I wept and fasted, God may lend it life,
 And be gracious to me, said I; now 'tis past,
 He being dead, wherefore should I refast?
 Can I bring him here back again? 'twill be
 That I shall go to him, he not return to me:
 And David comforted his Bathsheba,
 And he went in, and with her he did lay;
 She bare a son and call'd 's name Solomon,
 And the Lord loved him, and Nathan's word
 Nam'd Jedidiah, because of the Lord.
 And, Joab fought against Rabbah, took the City.
 And he sent David word, (a pleasant ditty)
 Now therefore come with ' rest of Israel,
 Encamp and take the City, least they tell,
 'Tis Joab's City; so the King came down,
 And fought and took the City, and the Crown
 Off their Kings head, great was the Cities spoil;
 He put them under saws and harrows vile,
 And all their Cities to the vexation;
 Then he return'd, and I to meditation.

MEDITATION.

Here may we see good Nathan's holy fraud,
 Yet he knew well, David must not be claw'd,
 At such a time, for he saith, thou 'rt the man
 O let truths Champions charge in the van,
 All sinners thus, and let the sinners fall
 From sin and rise in faith in general,
 Not blaming holy Nathans who do strive
 To marry us to Christ, from the world un-wive:
 A stranger came to David, 'twas a stranger
 Indeed to him, but in the world a Ranger.
 For this his sin, that would sorrow the stones,
 Me thinks I hear good David's sighs and groans.
 Saying, ye gate unto iniquity,
 My un-restrained lust and liberty;
 By this my soul abhord adultery,
 To nature I have done an injury,
 But to the God of Nature more. O sin!
 By thee my sorrow doth but now begin.

Sin!

Sin ! sin ! sin ! sin ! a worse then thee can't be ;
 For here had been no evil but for thee.
 Oh grief beyond tongue-eloquence ! whose smart
 Is onely truely known within my heart.
 My soul, my soul receiveth violence
 By this my beastly base concupiscence,
 Nay, how know I, but by continuance,
 My lust may grow to damned impudence ?
 Oh in my soul I have a gnawing sence !
 Greatneſs doth make it great incontinence.
 How will the Wicked now rejoyce and say
 With scorn, See how the Saint is faln away !
 What wrong shall I do to thy Church, O Lord,
 Unto this holy, holy, holy Word !
 My owl-sight eyes were dazled with her light,
 Yet saw too clearly in that darker night.
 Oh that I had not up my roof so gone !
 Or that I there, there, there had been alone !
 That that too nimble tongue had not me told
 What th' woman was ; for that made lust so bold.
 What did I with t' have been alone ? Unwise ;
 That caused me to be tyrant lust's prise :
 For had my God been with me, I had not
 Been such a wretched, foolish, sinful sot.

If for adultery my soul thus finde
 To grieve, What shall she do for that behinde,
 Abhorred murther ? Now my soul falls down,
 And's truely dead (*pro tempore*) in a swoon.
 Oh lend thy mercy, Lord, Oh Lord support
 My failing heart, that I may thus report
 To all succeeding ages. Oh my God !
 Let th' holy Spirit have again abode
 Within my heart ; and pardon all my sins,
 And eke prevent Satan's enchanting gins.
 Dread Majestie ! Oh let thy mercy shine
 Upon my darkned soul : let light divine
 Descend into it, that by that clear light,
 I may of thy paths have a certain sight.
 But teach me to repent, and that's as good
 As if th' hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.
 I'll let him speak himself. A hand or eye !
 " By Hilyard drawn, is worth an History
 " By a worse Painter made, saith learned Donne :
 Therefore hear David's verse ; for I have done.

Verse 1.

PSALM 51.

1. **H**Ave mercy upon me, O gracious God,
According to thy loving kindness Lord,
According to thy mercies multitude,
Blot out my hainous sins which did intrude.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
and cleanse me from my great impiety.
- 3 For I acknowledge my sins, and thou be
before my weeping eyes continually.
- 4 *Gainst thee, thee onely have I sinned, and
done this in thy sight with so high a hand,
That thou mightst be justified when thou speakest,
and be alwayes most clear when thou judgest.
- 5 Lo I was shapen in iniquity,
and in vile sin did my mother conceive me !
- 6 Lo thou desir'st truth in the inward part,
and thou shalt teach me wisdom in my heart.
- 7 Purge me with hyssop, I shall be clean so,
wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 8 Make me to hear sweet joy and gladness voice,
that the bones which thou hast broke may rejoyce.
- 9 From my sin Lord hide thine all-seeing eyes,
and blot out all my great iniquities.
- 10 Create in me a clean heart, O my God,
and constant spirit give in me abode !
- 11 O cast me not from out thy blessed presence,
take not from me thy holy Spirits sense !
- 12 Restore to me the joy of thy salvation,
and uphold me with thy free Spirits motion.
- 13 Then will I teach transgressours great thy wayes,
and sinners shall convert by me thy sayes.
- 14 O free me from bloud-guiltiness, O Lord !
thou God of my salvation it afford.
- 15 My tongue shall sing thy Righteousness, O God,
Lord open thou my Lips, and them upraise,
then shall my mouth shew forth thy louder praise.
- 16 For thou desir'st no sacrifice, I de bring
it else ; thou delight'st not in burnt-offering.
- 17 Thy sacrifices are a broken spirit,
a broken contrite heart is thy best merit.
- 18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Sion,
build thou the wals of thy Jerusalem.
- 19 Then shalt thou pleased be with sacrifice
of our lame, hasting, but half Righteousness;
with burnt-offering, and whole burnt-offering,
then shall they bullocks to thine altar bring.

MEDITATION.

Here is a Lesson of concernment here,
 A Davids Lesson, which may seem a meer
 Folly to foolish folk. What mourn so much,
 For a then living childe, and yet to grutch,
 After 'twas dead? O here's a work of Grace
 Which now repenting David doth embrace!
 He'd prayed for its life in either World;
 And since God's just deserv'd anger hurl'd
 The Babe from mourning David, David is
 Inform'd by faith that it its makers is,
 And he therein afflicted for his sin,
 Which he desires to be contented in.
 He throws not Cities down as Alexander,
 At his friends death, nor let their passion wander.
 He's not so frantick in his vain laments,
 When his childe travelling removes his tents,
 As to demolish the Palace where it died,
 As one of our Kings did (if not belied)
 Heathens can learn men better Lessons; Fie,
 Will men th' Eternal great Decree deny?
 Hector to's wife Andromache said why
 Do you grieve my death? all men are born to die.
 Gorgias ask't in 's sickness, how he fareth,
 Saith, Sleep now yields me to his brother death.
 But to our Theme. David now confesseth.
 His dearest Bathsheba, whose sweet child's death
 Hath over-whelmed her heart with sorrow; yet
 She now considers it was Natures debt,
 And 't is meer curtesie if we are spar'd
 To seventy years, for death is not debar'd
 From shooting us any time if God
 His nimble feet with a command hath shod.
 So David went in and did lie with her,
 And she did bear a son, which son did bear
 An Emblem of God's love even in his Name.
 By God by Nathan given; for Solomon
 Is Jedidiah called, 'cause of the Lord.
 And Joab had fought Rabbah with the sword,
 And he sent for David, saying, come thou
 With the rest of the people, or I vow,
 The City will by my name called be,
 Which I confels our King, belongs to thee.
 Here was right Captain General, for lo,
 He knew how to intitle David to

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The honour of the action; faithfull man,
 In this matter (I pray) who blame thee can?
 So David marched to the town and took
 What ever the conquered people look
 Upon as once was theirs; their Kings rich Crown
 From off their Kings head, and set on his own.
 Thus do I see that that old phrase doth hit,
 Fortior qui se, quàm qui fortissima vincit.

Adieu à la Monde.

To the worshipfull *JOHN M A Y* Esquire senior,
 Alderman of Lyn.

WIt, Valour, Riches, Honour, Beauty, Birth,
 Are Baits for Mortals, laid by Stepdame Earth.

1. Cato for Government the pride of Rome,
 From whom so many wholsom Laws did come,
 Who did foretell proud Cæsars tyranny,
 Egyptian Ptolomy did tell his folly,
 Who if he'd followed his Counsel wise,
 He had not failed in his Enterprise;
 He that did leade the Romans by the ears,
 And could exhilarate amidst all fears
 To others; Lo! he stabs himself, alas!
 Virtue, thou stoodst in need of Christian Grace.

2. Unconquer'd Cæsar that 'third thou and Town
 Had taken by assaults, and had beat down
 Three hundred Nations: a Million
 Of Pris'ners taken; nay, he who had won
 Infinite Battles; 'midst the Senate grave,
 From violent death, alas! could not him save.

3. Lucullus, who by Victories obtain'd
 'Gainst potent Kings, a mass of Gold had gain'd,
 And made the richest Triumphs that Rome saw,
 Ere while she gave the conquered World her Law.
 He who scarce knew his Treasure, lost his wits,
 Therefore his grave an hasty poyson fits.

4. Great Alexander that the World did aw,
 And with his Sword did write the Persians Law,
 He that did captive Kings, and face their Van,
 That princely issued Macedonian,
 At last ('twas thought) by poyson lost his breath;
 For he that conquers Kings, can't conquer Death.

5. Fair Alcibiades whose beauteous face,
Did give unto his actions winning grace,
Which made King Agis Wife be woo'd unto
That which was both a shame to grant and do.
He that was call'd the pleasant sweet prospect,
Whose Beauty like the orient Pearl project,
Could not prevail with Murtherers venom'd darts,
Nor yet, alas ! with their more cruel hearts.

6. Pyrrhus descended from Achilles brave,
Whose loud-mouth'd fame shall never finde a grave,
One of the noblest Families in Greece,
Successively found valours master-piece,
Was slain from off a house by a thrown Tile,
For such a peerless Prince a death too vile !

MEDITATION.

1. Omnipotent Lord ! who know'st my secret thought,
And before whom secrets reveal'd are brought :
Since thou art omnipotent, I e're shall strain,
To shew all mund'ane things but meerly vain.
Ile fear to meddle with that Engine wit,
Because it doth the Enginier of 't hit :
However Ile not trust to it, for vain
Are all things that proceed from man's meer brain.
Thy wiser Solomon when he was jolly,
He plac'd a heaven in that, but found it folly.

2. Ile fear all Dalilahs, prevent a gust ;
Desire to anker sure, in spite of lust :
Ile not presume upon my valour, O !
How short a way could I in my strength go ?
Thy Sampson too much trusting to his strength,
Was overcome, and vilely us'd at length.

3. What shall I strive to catch a bird i'th' air ?
For Riches make them wings and flie affair,
And tarr. Give me not over much my God !
Wise Agurs Prayer is mine, enough for food .
And Rayment ; if thou think'st fit to give more,
Some Ile return unto thee by the poor.
Thou mad'st thy Job (the richest of the East)
Even (for a time) to Vermin vile a Feast.

4. Ile seek not honour, for alas ! the man
That hath it acts but the Comædian.

He holds it but untill the Play is done,
Perhaps before the Plaudite 'tis gone.
Thine own dear David, now an honour'd King.
A Shimei now on him Reproches fling.

5. He grieve not for a wither'd Rose, He scorn
All such things that do die, as soon as born.
Should I ere over-love a face that turns
To ashey pale in sickness when it burns?
An Absalom was hang'd upon a Tree,
What Beauty great did men then in him see!

6. I scarcely call my Fathers merits mine,
Good Parents do convince bad Childrens line
Of their degenerate, depraved acts.
Except I'm good, what help my Fathers facts?
A Rehoboam is the more made guilty,
By his good Fathers, of iniquity.

Wit's weak, Valour doth fail, Riches do flie,
Honour halts, Beauty fades, and Birth doth lie:
Therefore (O-Lord) I onely crave but thee,
Let others crave those earthly things for me.

Solomons Caveat of the Harlot.

I Take it wisdom here for to repeat
Those things of her the Wiseman doth relate.
The lips of a strange woman drop as honey, Prov. 5.3.
Her mouth smoother than oil (to get your money)
Her end as bitter is as sowr Wormwood,
Sharper it is than a two-edged Sword.
Her feet go down to Death, her steps to Hell;
Least thou should'st ponder her path of life well,
Her wayes are moveable; not to be known,
(And ev'ry one that courteth her 's her own.)

My Son keep thy self from the evil Woman, Prov. 6.25.
The flatt'ring tongue of the perverser Woman.
After her Beauty lust not in thine heart,
Nor let her take thee with her eye-lids art;
For by a Whore a man is brought to nought,
And the adulterers man's life hath sought.
Can fire be in th' bosom, and cloths not torn?
One to tread on hot Coals, his feet not burn?
So he that to his neighbours wife ere went,
And touch'd her, shall not be innocent.

Prov. 7.7.

The window of my house I looked thorow,
 And did behold a young man that was shallow,
 Passing the streets thorow unto her corner,
 He went he way unto the house of th' scorner.
 In the evening in the half-dark twi-light,
 In the black, dark, dismal, and dang'rous night.
 And behold ! there did meet him a Woman,
 With the attire of a right Harlot on,
 Subtill of heart (she is both loud and stubborn,
 Her feet abide not in her house, she's gone
 Without, now in the streets (is a suborner)
 And she lyeth in wait at ev'ry corner)
 So she caught him, and kissed him (so slim !)
 And with an impudent face said to him,
 I have Peace-offerings with me, but now
 Ev'n this day Sweetest have I pay'd my vow,
 Therefore came I to seek so diligently
 Thy sweeter face, and lo ! Now I have found thee,
 I've deck'd my Bed with Tap'stry Coverings,
 With carved Work, fine Linnen, and such things,
 I have perfum'd my Bed (O don't be gone !)
 With pretious Myrrhe, Aloes, and Cynamon ;
 Come let us take our fill of Love (my Dear)
 Untill the morning let us solace here,
 For the Good man is not at home you see,
 (I'm sure he'll stay) he's gone a long journey.
 O of such Whores the deeper subtilty !
 And of their slaves the great simplicity !
 Lord, let thy servant rather beg at th' door,
 Then ere int'ared by a damned Whore !

The end of the Divine Poems.

Sickness.

I Feel my strength o'th' suddain me to fail,
 I feel insulting sickness me assail ;
 Then I think on my sins, my flesh so frail.

There is a God !

I do observe my meat, my drink, my air,
 My exercises, study ; yet my care
 Prevents not ; I may be choak'd with an hair.

There is a God !

One hand doth ask the other how it fares,
 (By the Pullie) mine eye asks m' urine how it shares,
 With this distemper, while I'm worn with cares ;
 Yet thou 'rt my God !

My

7.

My fear of Sickneſs doth as much afflict,
As of fore-paſſed ſickneſs the reliſt;
Thus by thy Sergeant is thy ſervant kick'd.

Strengthen, oh God!

Throw cold water on fire, oh this is jolly,
This is thy ſervants wonted peeviſh folly,
Wrap a hot feaver in cold melancholy.

Make wiſe, oh God!

I cannot hold, oh Lord, glory I muſt,
Of th'holy Ghoſts temple I am ſome duſt,
No marble is ſo precious, I muſt.

Remember God!

The remedy's as bad as the diſeaſe,
Purging a weak man, oh how can this pleaſe!
Or how can this, oh Lord, thy ſervant eaſe!

Yet there's a God!

I take down drugs, then wormwood bitter fare,
As loathſome as the loathſomeſt that are,
Liſten to all receipts both near and farre:

Which bleſs oh God!

Yet thou art juſt in all thy acts alone,
Who ſo oft lead me for my ſins to groane;
As for my pain in ſickneſs I have ſhowne,

Pardon oh God!

My Parents would not let ſervants correct me,
And let not Satan, oh God, e'r afflict me,
Not by Satan would I afflicted be:

Grant this, oh God!

Yet Lord, how much have I been a miſtaker,
And almoſt had forgotten God my maker!
Oh therefore am I of this Pain partaker:

Forget oh God!

The Bell that toles for ſome departing ſoul,
Makes me think I may taſte of Death's brimm'd bowl;
And then, oh Lord, how can I it controul?

Make fit, oh God!

I ſtudy not how my ſoul firſt came in,
But how 'twas guilty of moſt hainous ſin,
To ſtudy of its end I doe begin:

Oh help, O God!

With St *Auguſtin* this ſhall be my ſtation,
I doe deſire to know my tranſmigration,
And that I certain be of thy ſalvation:

Which grant, oh God!

The ſoul o'th' man that dy'd I prayed for,
And for to judge him damn'd I doe abhor;

But

But charitably think him saved; for
Thou'rt good, oh God!

The body whence the soul so loath did part,
T'exchange for heav'n, is so that now all Art
Acknowldg must they set her out in part:

Poor flesh, oh God!

Who would not be affected much to see,
A morning River sweet that ran clearly,
A kennel grow, and to run muddily?

Such is man, God!

Then hopes of cure my heavy heart doe raise,
Oh open then my lips to shew thy praise,
For Lord, my duller flesh skills not thy wayes:

Almighty God!

Oh how I then did think to lead a life,
Lord, like a member of thy dearer wife
Thy Church, which ever grant be void of strife:

Thou peacefull God!

These holy thoughts confirm thou in mine heart,
That I may praise thy name with utmost art,
And that I may from thy Laws never start:

Grant this, oh God!

Lord keep me from a sad relapse, I crave;
Then shalt thy servant strength and pleasure have:
But, oh Lord, let me not thy strength to wave:

Oh Lord my God!

For 'twill be sad to run the course again,
To purge, to sweat, and to doe all in vain;
Doe thou thy blessings therefore on me rain:

My gracious God!

Let not thy servant poor e'r be relapsed,
Into those sins which are truly repealed,
And thou, oh Lord, hast fully pardoned:

Thou art my God!

The PROTECTION.

To th' Admirall, Vice- or Reer-Admirall;
Renowned Captains unto each and all.

WE greet you well: and will that this our Son
By you nor yours no violence be done
His Merchandize, or ought pertains unto him:
For if you doe, you doe not only undoe him,
But doe affront our high authority,
And shall doe by us most unworthily.

You

You sons of Neptune, hereby we doe charge
 You, if you take him, that you him discharge
 And his goods free; or if you be so ill,
 As to deny't, then answer't at your perill;
 For be it known unto you from this Place,
 He's order'd for to trade in Wit and Grace.
 We three, and thrice-three straitly doe command
 The proudest of you not to lay your hand
 Upon this our dear Son, from Rupert brave,
 Unto the meanest thrommet, or base slave;
 For by great Jove our Father, and our Mother
 Fair Venus; your neglect we will not smother.
 Great Pallas, and Minerva we'll inform,
 If he abuse this our choice Microcosm;
 Then we'll inform our mother Mnemosyne;
 And ye shall never taste Nectarean wine:
 But shall be punish'd by the punishment
 Great Jove for such offenders did Invent.

Giv'n at Olympus high,
 Signed and sealed by

And at Parnassus Hill
 Sign'd by our sacred Quill.

The Graces } Aglaia
 Thalia
 Euphrosyne }

The Muses } Clio
 Melpomene
 Thalia
 Euterpe
 Terpsichore
 Erato
 Calliope
 Urania
 Polymnia

CONCLUSION.

I Know I shall be counted madd and rude
 By the wilde, giddy-headed multitude,
 To write in such strange dayes, for now men sink
 Their judgments, having drown'd them first with drink.
 Envie and Ignorance, I'm confident
 Will scarcely well this work of mine resent.
 Amongst the Wits 'tis Epidemicall,
 On their Rivals Momus-like for to fall.
 Like to the ignorant no foe to wit,
 And he's condemn'd that do'nt each humor fit.

One would have obscene Poëms, th'other plain;
 A third one writing in a lofty strain;
 One tedious things affects; another short;
 Another says Verse onely should make sport.
 Some, that he is no Poet, holds no Quill,
 Except he equal Homer, or great Virgill;
 Some, none should write, except like Scaliger,
 Who could in thirty Languages confer:
 Or such, as Aristarchus, that (no less)
 Two hundred Books could fit unto the Press.
 Or he whose mem'ry is full as terse
 As Seneca's, who could at first rehearse
 Hundreds of words after the hearing; then
 I think no mortall man should use a Pen.

But I am like Heraclitus; no Tutor
 In Cham, or Ox, was e'r my Co-adjutor,
 Wherefore the truer Poet some men say;
 But they their ignorances doe betray.
 Other affairs command this Book so small,
 And my late sicknesse crush'd the growth withall,
 And made the Copy the worse writ; I fear
 By that the Printer will abuse the Reader,
 And much more me, somewhat my noble Friends,
 Whome their quaint Encomiasticks lends
 Unto my Book. I have of this a sence,
 There's no dispute against Experience,
 And at the Press I cannot be; wherefore
 Good Printer, let your care appear the more.

I seldom use more Letters then there's need,
 With witty, learned Howell, and th'more speed,
 With much more ease is found; wherefore excuse
 The humor (since 'tis lawfull) of my Muse.

And I am tyred in re-writing, see!
 The reason is, because 'tis old to me.
 Now without malice, I doe wisht to bee
 To all e'r-lasting, (Stationer but to thee.)

What shall I never quiet be? Now news,
 That I doe such a friend in Verse abuse,
 In daring for to console in Verse.
 After an action that requir'd Cypresse,
 Rather then Bayes. Now that I writ my self
 Most famous Poet, when the prating Elf
 I shrewdly judge, can scarcely read English.
 Lord, free me from these prating fools I wish!
 Or else in these things let this be my sence,
 "Thou tak'st a Town, and preachest Patience."

Here's

Here's one with Swearing makes the room to shake,
 Saying, O fool, why dost thou these pains take?
 Is this the way to grow rich? oh thou fond man!
 Come hither, hear thy spirits with a full Cann.
 Will Verse pay debts, or will your lofty Rimes
 Mount you to place of trust in these our times?
 Oh the injustice of conceited Owls,
 That think none godly, but those that wear Cows!
 None wise, but those that with his wit doe jump,
 Although for it he lab'rously doth pump.
 Let those that hunt the stately Stag with hounds,
 Not be (unjustly kept) in th' Shepherd's bounds.
 Those that Hawking delights, not be impeded
 From that refreshment which great Princes used;
 Those that in catching silly Fish delight
 Be hindred from it; Nor that love the flight
 Of a broad Arrow; Those that learn Defence,
 Or those that love to pleas the hearing Sen e.
 Then whence I pray you can a man surmise
 That 'tis unfitting thus to Poëtise?
 If ye please Zoilists to court your Whore,
 Why should I stop you entering at the door?
 If you doe fight as stoutly as game-Cocks,
 What helps, if they doe pay you with a Fox?
 If Swearing please your humors, and if good
 Doth me, why doe you use this carping mood?

Some cavill at my Readings fruits; yet see
 From many flowers hony's got by th'Bee;
 And the Spider, whose work is all her own,
 As worthles by the Broom away is thrown,
 Some that things Morall with Divine are mix'd,
 When some men loves on th'Book by that are fix'd;
 And seeking (perhaps) for Verse that is fine,
 May be made amorous of Verse Divine.
 Lastly, Readers, my Musings I'll amend
 If ye accept this, or else here's

THE END.

Soli Deo Solu Gloria.

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